THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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AUGHRIM AND ST. RUTH.

Some Description of the Famous Irish Battlefield, and the Spot Where the Luckless French General Fell.

How the Saxon Plunderers of Ireland Wall Up Their Ill Gotten Lands Against the People.

[*O'Donovan Rossa in the (New York) United Irishman.*]

When I was in Ballinasloe I received from Charles G. Doran of the Cove of Cork the following letter:

"QUEENSTOWN, Aug. 4, '94.—*My Dear Friend Rossa:* I received your letter dated Tullamore, on yesterday, but had mailed you an American letter, a resolution of the plucky town commissioners of Dungarvan vs. The Corporation of Dublin and a couple of cuttings from Scotch newspapers concerning your splendid oration at Birr. I enclose with this note an American letter that was delivered here today, and also a copy of your famous *United Irishman*, as I received two copies of the same date, and presume one to be intended for you. Now I want you to do me a turn while you are in Ballinasloe, and I am sure that it will be agreeable to you if you can manage the time. I want you to visit the battlefield of Aughrim, and to make a copy of the inscription on the St. Ruth monument for me, and to send me a photo of the monument if you can get one to buy in either Ballinasloe or the village of Aughrim. When walking from Dublin to Galway some eighteen months ago, making a preliminary survey of a track for proposed ship railway, I had not an opportunity of staying at Aughrim, and hence missed the object I now trouble you about. There is a further matter in relation to the same subject that I want you to inquire into. A few days before the anniversary of the fatal day of Aughrim, the parish priest of the parish in which this celebrated field of battle is situated, received from the Emperor of the French the offering of a suit of mourning vestments with instructions that on that day and on every succeeding anniversary, a solemn mass should be offered up for the repose of the soul of the gallant Frenchman, at the altar of the parish church—(So states a note by the editor of the edition of Keating's 'Defense of Ireland,' 1860.) I wrote to the parish priest or administrator of Aughrim some time ago, but never received a reply. Yours ever, DORAN."

Being in Ballinasloe when I received that letter, the desire to do anything that would oblige Mr. Doran added strength to my own desire to see the battlefield of Aughrim. I was in Ballinasloe thirty years ago, and left the place without going to Aughrim. That time thirty years ago, I traveled through every county in Ireland but had something else in my mind other than sightseeing. I was within three miles of Aughrim and did not go to see it. I passed within one mile of the Giants' Causeway and did not stop to see it. Though the old spirit was alive in me, the old cause that centred my attention seemed dead in Ballinasloe now. So I took a jaunting car and told the driver to drive on to the plains of Aughrim.

Going along the road at my right hand side was a high wall that shut out from my view the prospect of the country. "Who built this wall here?" said I; "Oh, sir," said he, "that is Lord Cloncarty's place, his castle is inside there."

This is the Lord Cloncarty that I heard Pat Egan of Clinton place, New York, often denouncing as the exterminator of his family at Woodford. And then, till I got into Aughrim, I kept thinking of the many places I saw in Ireland that were similarly walled in by those English plunderers of Ireland. When Cromwell portioned out the plunder to them they walled themselves in, so that the plundered people could not shoot at them from the highways. They or their descendants are not going to give up that plunder for any farce of parliamentary agitation. Froude said there was a way for the Irish people to get out of the fix they were in, and if the English people were in such a fix they would find out that way. Until the Irish people learn from Froude and from Englishmen like him they will remain in their fix.

I was pleased to see the men of Tyrone realize this condition of things ween in their address of welcome to me they said: "We, the unconquered heirs of the plundered and murdered owners of this part of Ireland, greet you."

Well, I got into the village of Aughrim, and on Mr. Doran's mission, I called at the priest's house. He was not at home. I then went out a few hundred yards to the entrance to the field of Aughrim. The iron gate was locked. Alongside the gate were stepping-stones over a ditch. I went over the ditch and as I came into the meadow field I met an old man whose name was Leonard. The car driver told me he was the guide who would tell me all about St. Ruth, and show me the place where he fell. He was of age, between 80 and 90 years. Going up a partly-trodden path through the meadow I talked to him in the Irish language. He could talk Irish, but after a few minutes he told me he was partly deaf, and asked me to speak in the English language. Then he told me of all the great men he had met in his day who came to see the battlefield. He met Lord Macaulay and James Anthony Froude and others who wrote history.

Passing the first meadow into the second one he pointed to a pole in the middle of the second field. "Up there where you see the pole," said he, "is where St. Ruth fell." "Where is the monument?" said I. "There is no monument," said he; "there was a big tree, but from the people cutting their names on it, it died away long ago." Up we went, and I stood by a pole about ten feet high and about as thick as my wrist. Stones were around its base and through the stones and around the stump of the old tree the grass was growing tall. After searching through the stones and grass I found the stump of the old tree; my guide had planted a young twee some years ago, but that tree was now dead, there was not a single branch or bough on it. It had been killed by the visitors in trying to cut on it marks of their visit, and it stood there a barren pole.

Standing there on the hill of Kilcommedan with my back up against the hill, which sloped further upward to the west, my face was toward the rising ground at the other side of the valley from which the the English made their attack. History says this valley was a bog, but it is not a bog now. It is low land that the wet weather may render moist, and impassable for artillery and cavalry. Immediately before me on Kilcommedan, and between the field and the bog were stout, strong old double ditches growing whitethorn and other bushes. To my left was the village of Aughrim into which the road from Ballinasloe runs. It was at this place the English were making their entrance into the battlefield when St. Ruth fell. To my right was what appeared to me, an old Irish fort or *lios*, on which were planted St. Ruth's cannon. I went into this fort, there was a *fosse* around it. I could not think it was constructed by St. Ruth; it has in age and appearance all the features if any of the many "fairy forts" of Ireland. There were two open passages in the ditch, in those parts of it that faced the location of the English army at the other side of the "bog." "There," said my guide, "in those two gaps, were placed St. Ruth's cannon." That is likely enough.

"Aughrim is now no more; St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled.
As he rode down the hill, he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon ball."

"THE GROWTH OF ROMANISM."

(*Catholic Mirror.*)

The *Christian Irishman* says that "the present state of the Roman Catholic Church may be said to be the result of an evolution. Although many suppose it to have always been the same, facts speak to the contrary. For, once the Christian church was pure, but the Romish branch drifted further away with each succeeding century from that original simplicity. Its successive steps were taken in the following times: Invocation of the saints, 375 A.D.; service in Latin, 600; Papal supremacy, 606; images and relics, 787; baptism of bells, 965; canonization of saints, 993; celibacy of the priesthood, 1000; transubstantiation, 1000; sale of indulgences, 1095; use of beads in worship, 1090; the sacrifice of the mass, 1100; the confessional box, 1015; purgatory, 1439; worship of Mary, 1563; seven sacraments, 1547; creed of Pope Pius IV, 1564; immaculate conception, 1854; Papal infallibility, 1870."

Let us see how this is:

1. The Jews themselves believed in the intercession of the saints of Israel, and the acts of the early martyrs abound in proofs that the belief was common that the saints before God offer up our prayers and so help us by their intercession.

2. The church has her services in various other languages as well as Latin—Greek, Syriac, Coptic, Armenian, Slavonic, etc. Mass is supposed to have been originally said in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

3. Papal supremacy has existed from the time of St. Peter to the present and there is an authentic list of the Popes which anyone may consult.

4. Images and relics were found in the catacombs.

5. Baptism of bells has nothing to do with Catholic doctrine. It is a symbolic rite.

6. There were saints from the beginning. Forms and ceremonies have been instituted or changed in the church during the ages as circumstances required.

7. One of the earliest councils (314) forbade priests to marry after ordination.

8. Transubstantiation existed from the time of the institution of the Eucharist. Our Lord explained it fully at the Last Supper.

9. Indulgences were never sold. They were granted by ecclesiastical authority from the earliest times.

10. Beads were in use long before 1090. Originally prayers were recited on gems or little pebbles.

11. The word "mass" to signify the sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist was used by Pope Cornelius in the second century. The earliest records of Christian history show that the rite itself existed in the beginning.

12. Cyprian urges the sinner to repent "while confession may be made, while satisfaction and remission through the bishops (sacerdotes) are accepted before God."

13. The Councils of Trent and Florence defined purgatory. Belief in the intermediate state existed from the earliest time, otherwise prayers for the dead would have been useless.

13. Paintings of the Blessed Virgin were found in the catacombs.

14. The sacraments always existed necessarily.

15. The creed of Pius IV is merely a summary of definitions.

16. The immaculate conception and Papal infallibility are as old as the church itself. The definition is another thing. Other important definitions may occur in the future.

MISFIT "NUNS"

And "Priests" of the Same Character, Who Go Around the Country Abusing the Catholic Church.

Biographical Sketches of Some of the Firebrands, Male and Female, Who Have Been Doing Dirty-Work in America.

For some time a Miss Ellen Golding was lecturing in England upon convent life, and relating the usual tales of ill-treatment and the like. Her sister, a lady living at Hull, has published the following statement: "I am not myself a Roman Catholic, nor have any desire to favor them; but for the sake of truth and justice I consider the facts should be made known. My sister joined an order in England, and went abroad to a convent at Calais belonging to the same order. While she was there I used to go once or twice a year to see her. The nuns were always most kind to me, and I usually stayed in the convent. * * * It is nonsense for her to say she had difficulty in getting outside the walls. She went about the town with me, and once when leaving she came with me to the boat, and was actually on board till the moment of starting. I said to her, 'Now, Nellie, if you want to leave you have nothing to do but to come along,' but she refused. After leaving the convent she stayed with us for six months and wanted for nothing. She told me about her life in the convent, but never said one word about the poisoning or immorality she speaks of now. I am positive that if there had been any foundation for these statements I would have heard of it. She told me that in her order punishments, except in the stricter application of the rules, were unknown. The dark room she now speaks of is an invention; and as for the steel belt she says they were forced to wear, she never saw one in her life until she visited the offices of the Protestant Alliance."

One Margaret Shepherd has been prominent for years in Boston anti-Catholic circles arousing women against "Romanism." She was the founder of the "Loyal Women," of Boston, a society that had as its main object the keeping of all Catholics out of the school board. The following appeared in the Providence *Telegram*, May 1, 1894:

TORONTO, April 30.—Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, the "escaped nun," who for some time has figured prominently in alleged "exposures" directed against Roman Catholics, has under oath "exposed" herself, and worse than any of her critics.

She appeared as a witness here on Saturday in the sensational and filthy slander case of Marron vs. Youmans, and when put on the rack of cross-examination "gave herself away" in such a manner that perhaps she will hardly care to make herself very conspicuous for a time at least.

Mrs. Shepherd for some time past has been occupied in editing the *British Canadian*, but of her previous life not much was known here. Under rigid cross-examination, however, she stated that she was born in India. Her mother's name was Whalen, her father's she did not know. She said she was convicted in England for stealing, and served six months under the name of Louisa Egerton. Her real name, she said, was Margaret Egan.

She stated that she could not remember whether she had borne the names of Louisa Probin and Louisa Helen Wesley, but admitted that she had been in Bodwin jail under the name of Parkyn, having married a Captain Parkyn.

She said she was connected with the Salvation Army as Margaret Herbert, and afterward went to a convent in Bristol, where she called herself Georgina Parkyn.

She testified that in Ireland she gave birth to an illegitimate child and then went to London, etc.

Ex-priest George P. Rudolph, who attaches the title Ph. D. to his name, is said to be of Swiss birth. Where he was during the Civil War nobody knows, but he is at present endeavoring to protect American institutions from the thousands of Catholic soldiers who fought to preserve the Union in the dark days from 1861 to '65, when Rudolph wasn't in evidence. Father Houck, chancellor of the Cleveland diocese in a card addressed to the Cleveland *Leader*, May 27, 1892, says that Rudolph was suspended from the functions of the priesthood by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmore, June 19, 1881. Prof. Rudolph, according to his published statement, went through a marriage ceremony before a civil magistrate." The woman he married was his housekeeper. The cause of his suspension may easily be inferred.

James V. McNamara, the ex-priest, who was sentenced to imprisonment for some libelous statements made a year ago at Kansas City, is one of the oldest ex-priests. He cropped out as such in New York city, in 1875, and started what he called, "an independent Catholic church." He gathered about him four or five ex-priests and held a meeting at Standard Hall, Broadway and Forty-elxth streets, Nov. 16, 1879, where he had himself installed as "bishop" of the new church. The ex-priest, Rev. John O'Connor, alleged to be from Chicago, performed "the consecration;" the meeting closing with a hymn to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green." Among McNamara's regular attendants was the notorious Ann O'Delia Dis Debar, the spook priestess, who was then known as the Countess Landsfeldt. She posed as a victim of Rome and proposed to marry McNamara and form a troupe to go about the world delivering blood curdling lectures in the interests of the anti-Papal League. McNamara would not have her. In 1880 he married a Miss Gilmore of Brooklyn, and much to the surprise of his associates he was received into the Baptist church by the Rev. Justin D. Fulton of Brooklyn. These facts are taken from the New York *Sun*. McNamara had been a member of the Lazarists order and pastor of a church at Raleigh, N. C.

One of the best known of the ex-priests is Slattery. In 1887 it was rumored that a Catholic priest was a student in the Theological Seminary in Colgate University, at Hamilton, N. Y. This "ex-priest" had renounced his church through "conscientious scruples" and was studying to be a Baptist minister, having been received in the Baptist church by the Rev. Edward Braislin of Brooklyn, who had sent him to Colgate at the expense of the Baptist Education Society. A paper published at the University stated that Slattery had been educated at Maynooth, and belonged to the diocese of Dublin, Ireland.

Rev. J. V. Donnell, a Catholic priest of Hamilton, wrote Archbishop Walsh the facts of the case, and received the following letter in reply to his inquiries regarding Mr. Slattery's antecedents, and which was recently published in the Syracuse *Sun:*

NO. 4 RUTLAND SQUARE, E., DUBLIN, May 22, 1889.—*My Dear Father McDonnell:* You or any other person, ecclesiastic or layman, will be perfectly safe in challenging inquiry as to the antecedents of unfortunate Father Slattery. In Cardinal McCabe's time he broke down very badly from intemperance. About a fortnight before the Cardinal's death he received an appointment, on condition of binding himself in a most stringent way to the total abstinence pledge. There was a distinct written intimation—the original of which I hold—that this was to be "the last chance."

Well, he broke down. I thought it right, even after all this, to give him one chance more—of course with the intimation that it would be the last, so far as I was concerned. He broke down again and I was unable to have anything more to do with him.

I may add that he was not educated in Maynooth. * * * I remain, dear Father McDonnell, sincerely yours,

†WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

This letter was sent to Dr. Dodge, president of Colgate, by Father McDonnell, and Slattery was expelled. He then tried to gain a foothold among the Baptist brethren of Philadelphia but was expelled from the Philadelphia conference.

Later on Chief of Police Gamble of Boston arrested a Rev. Mr. Slattery for selling immoral and obscene literature on the street; an account of his arrest was published in the New York *Sun* at the time.

These are a few points in the career of the apostate who is proclaiming from the housetops: "Why I left the Roman Catholic Priesthood and What I Saw Therein," but who keeps very "mum" as to why he was kicked out of Colgate Theological Seminary and the Baptist conference of Philadelphia.

The first of the ex-priests to appear in the Northwest was one Leahy who claimed to be an ex-monk of LaTrappe, but who subsequently confessed that he had simply been a novice in a monastery from which place he had retired at the suggestion of his superiors. In 1851 Leahy came to Milwaukee to deliver one of his anti-Catholic tirades, which raised considerable disturbance at that time. On the night of the lecture his remarks so incensed a number of those in attendance that a small riot broke out in the church, known in early Milwaukee history as the Leahy riot. The Catholic clergy of the city and a number of prominent citizens adopted resolutions at the time condemning the action of these misguided persons and the next day Leahy spoke at another hall unmolested.

Subsequently he toured the State and was arrested in Portage county. During his trial he shot and killed Attorney Manley, who was prosecuting him, and attempted to kill the presiding justice, for which action he was sent to the State penitentiary for life. While in that institution he became penitent, was received into the church by Father Dale, formerly of Fond du Lac, and made a full confession and retraction of all his charges against the church. He was afterward pardoned and entered a monastery where he died some years ago.—*Catholic (Milwaukee) Citizen Oct. 27.*

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore it requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

DON'T WORRY.

This is What Eleanor Kirk Has to Say to Fretful Women,

Who Don't Think the Chambermaids Know How to Dust Under the Beds.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., NOV. 5.—A man who had served a term in one of our prisons, and who had repented of his deed, was visited by the chaplain, who was greatly interested in him, on the day of his release. The kind hearted minister talked eloquently of a life beyond the grave where all regenerate souls would be ultimately free and happy.

"That is all very well, Parson," said the convict, "but I want something to live by. I am a young man, and the change you call death may be a long way off. A hope of something good fifty years ahead, perhaps, isn't going to help me today. There is an awful emptiness about hope, Parson."

Here is a case where the prisoner let some light into the minister, and the latter, though a pretty strict Presbyterian, was willing to accept it.

"The boy was right," he said, "and it has made a difference in my teachings ever since. It was strange that the emptiness of hope never struck me before. It is realization we want this day, this minute, and if we possess it we have all there is in the present and the future. To realize the goodness of God each day is to be sure of an eternity of goodness."

This minister, so willing to learn from a source so far outside the lines of theological respectability, reveals to us the child heart which in these days of dogmatism is a very beautiful and a rare revelation.

"Man never is but always to be blest," Pope tells us, and this line has had almost as great an effect upon the ethics of the human race as anything that has been found between the covers of the Bible. The thought may have been an inspiration, but to my mind it was never anything but a clear and true statement of a very bad habit. That an all-good and all-merciful God ever intended that his children should be fed upon the husks of hope, is a libel on His intelligence.

"If you can get time to run in and see my wife, I wish you would," a friend told me the other morning.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I dunno," he replied. "She is all out of fix, but I can see no reason for it. I gladly pay for all the help she needs, but it seems that she is always overworked."

I knew how that man felt, and I was sorry for him. There are many men who have my heartfelt sympathy. They have no comfort with their wives, and no enjoyment apart from them, because they never know what is to happen next. Well, I strolled in after a while, and this is what I found. A woman, white as chalk, with a wet towel bound round her head, sweeping the spare chamber. This family consisted of man, wife, a daughter 7 years old, and two servants.

"Why don't you let Mary sweep this room?" I asked.

"She has swept it," was the irascible reply, "and look at that fluff under the bed. It is enough to make a woman wish she was dead and out of it all."

"But you wouldn't be out of it then," I made reply. "You would be in it just as far as you are now, for if you were to slip into another condition, you would still have your fussy disposition, and doubtless the same 'fluff under the bed.'"

"I think you are horrid," she exclaimed. "It is all very well for you to talk, who doesn't know anything about responsibility"—this was so ridiculous that it caused only a smile—"but I guess if you were expecting your sister and her husband next week as I am, and had such a dirty house as this is, you wouldn't be as serene as you are now. I've just a good mind to discharge Mary in the middle of her month. I never saw anybody so slack in my life."

If our friends think I wasted any time or breath in this case, they are very much mistaken. Mary, a sweet-faced, pleasant-mannered Irish girl, followed me to the front door. An eternity with her would be preferable to a week with her mistress.

"I'm so sorry I'm not giving satisfaction," she said, "but Mrs. —— frightens me so that I really cannot do my best."

There was the whole story in a nutshell, and I'm not ashamed to say that I did try to comfort the girl who had been so remiss as to leave a little fluff under the bed. I am so glad that man in his ignorance is the only respecter of persons, and that the heart of God is tender alike to all.

The worth of this letter lies in its application. The majority of the inhabitants of the world are living without the slightest reference to the comfort and usefulness of the present hour. They are planning for tomorrow, for next week, next year, and a life beyond the grave. In this way they miss all the joy of now, and that is all the joy we shall ever know, because to all eternity there can be nothing but now.

ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

O'BRIEN LUMBER COMPANY.

The John O'Brien Lumber Company, whose yards are situated at Twenty-second and Throop streets, is one of the most enterprising firms in the city, and has on hand an inexhaustible supply of lumber, lath, shingles and mouldings of all kinds. The firm is also noted for the promptitude with which orders are filled. They do a wholesale and retail business in the city, and a wholesale business only in the country. Correspondence is invited. Deliverance lists are furnished to the trade on application.

BALLYPOREEN CHURCH.

[*To the Editor.*]

BALLYPOREEN, County Tipperary, Ireland, Oct. 26, 1894.—I am sure it is seldom an appeal is made to the Catholic people of America on behalf of the improvement or erection of an Irish Catholic church by way of a letter in a newspaper, but the presence of an Irish priest in America collecting money for the same purpose is no unusual thing. I am well aware that America has many times already assisted us here in Ireland to build churches and schools, and that the Catholics of America are almost tired of the many appeals that have been made by us to their purse. Keeping this in sight, I have hit upon a plan which is perhaps the first of its kind, and one that will not be open to any objection on the part of bishops, or priests, or people, or, I venture to hope, on the part of the Catholic press of America—it is to appeal through the Catholic press to the Catholic people of America in general, but to the people of America who were born (or born of parents who were born) in this parish of Ballyporeen in particular. There is no Irish man or woman, wherever scattered throughout the entire world, who does not love to think of the place of his birth. There is no one but loves to think of the parish church in which he or she was baptized, made his or her first confession and communion, and where his or her friends at home gather to hear Sunday mass. It is because of this love in the heart of the Irish exile in America that I venture to hope my appeal may not be in vain.

Almost everyone born in this parish, who afterwards emigrates and dies in a foreign land, is prayed for here in his once parish church. There is scarcely a Sunday in the year on which the prayers of the people are not asked for the repose of the soul of some one or other formerly of Doon, Barnahown, Ballywilliam, Ballyporeen or Skeheenarinky who died in America or Australia. Thus a constant communication, ending only at death, is kept up between the people of the old land and the new. Those who have left this parish within the last ten years will remember in what a bad state the parish church has been, and will not be very much surprised to find that the work of restoring and improving it has been begun at last. This work will require an outlay of about two thousand pounds, of which large sum we have only at present a little over eight hundred pounds. The church is unroofed as I write, and we shall be pressed very hard to provide accommodation for the people to hear mass during the winter. On Sunday, Oct. 21, we were obliged to have mass in the school-room; perhaps in this very school-room many of those who read this letter learned the first rudiments; at all events a large number of young boys and girls have left this parish for America and Australia within my own time and may not turn a deaf ear to this appeal. We have been considering for some time back the best means of asking the assistance of the exiled sons and daughters of this parish of Ballyporeen in this most pressing work.

The means that we now adopt is simple and easy. It depends entirely on the Catholic press of America whether it will be successful. The publication of this letter in every Catholic newspaper of America can hardly fail to bring us substantial aid. May I venture to hope that the Catholic press will give it a prominent place in its issues? In return it shall have its reward from God and the prayers of the priests and people of the parish of Ballyporeen for all concerned. A large well-bound book is kept in which all donations and contributions are entered opposite the name and address of the donor or contributor. The names of all contributors, with the amount contributed, are read out for the people by the priest at the altar. All letters containing remittances may be addressed to the bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, John's Hill, Waterford, or the newly-appointed parish priest, Rev. Thomas Walsh, or to your humble servant. I beg to thank you, Mr. Editor, in anticipation for publishing this appeal in your widely circulating and influential journal.

REV. PATRICK LONERGAN, C.C.

Builds Up the System.

"My blood has been impure for the last three years. I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am highly gratified with the results."—J. D. Kay, Forest Glen, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

Look Out for Cold Weather

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago Ill.

RUSSIA BEREAVED.

Death Strikes the Ruler of a Great Empire.

ALEXANDER III SLEEPS IN PEACE

All Russia, Especially the Lowly, on Its Knees in Sorrow, and Sympathy Flying on the Wings of Lightning from the Whole World—The Grim Terror Comes to a Man Who Feared It Not, and Who Goes to His Rest Like a Child.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 2.—The angel of death, in the shadow of whose pinions the autocrat of all the Russians has been lying for many days, has beckoned, and the soul of the man who had in his hands the lives and destinies of millions upon millions of men was borne away. Calmly and peacefully as a sleeping babe he who by his slightest word could have plunged Europe into a war the horrors of which

ALEXANDER III, CZAR OF RUSSIA.

would defy description fell into the dreamless sleep which he feared not. At 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon the summons came and a few hours later the thunderous booming of cannon at Livadia and St. Petersburg announced that the czar was dead, and that he who had been the Grand Duke Nicholas reigned in his stead.

Sympathy All Over the World.

On lightning wings the news of Russia's loss spread throughout the world, and it is safe to say that everywhere the intelligence created sympathy for the family of him who by his policy had maintained the peace of Europe. From America came words of sympathy, for the dead ruler had always been a friend of the great republic of the west, and Americans have not forgotten how well his father's friendship sustained the north in the war of the rebellion. Among the peasants of Russia he will be mourned with a deep and abiding sorrow, for was he not the "Peasant Czar?" None of the grandiloquent titles borne by him was thought as much of as the one bestowed upon him by his lowly subjects whose virtues were magnified in him and whose vices in him were entirely lacking.

Popular Among the Lowly.

He who denies the popularity of the czar among the lowly classes of Russia is blinded by prejudice. His kind acts to them in their seasons of plague and famine will never be forgotten, and today in thousands upon thousands of homes, from Vladivostock in the Pacific to the fortresses of the Caucasus, millions of people as they kneel before their icons will pray from the bottom of their hearts for the repose of the soul of their "Little Father, who was to them as great in soul as he was in stature. There will be sincere mourning, too, in the royal and imperial families of Europe. Not the conventional mourning prescribed by rule, but the mourning of little children. For who has not heard of the annual visits of the czar to Copenhagen—the home of his beloved czarina—when with the children of emperors, kings and princes around him he was the biggest child of them all, joining in their sports and romping with them like a big boy.

Had a Unique Distinction.

His death will be a most bitter loss to the wife he loved so well that it was a proverb in St. Petersburg that he was "the only Russian who was true to his wife." His home life was an ideal one, and all his pleasure was found with his own family. But as the czar and not the man he could be as stern and unrelenting as fate itself. He has banished men and women to Siberia, but they were men and women who sought to kill him, or to overturn the government of which he was the absolute head, and which he, by the most solemn oaths in the mother city of Russia,—Moscow—had sworn to maintain in its integrity.

An imperial decree announcing the accession to the throne of the Grand Duke Nicholas (the czarewich), is expected to arrive from Livadia in a few days. The theaters and restaurants were closed. It is reported here that the populace of Moscow, indignant at what they believe to have been the malpractice of Dr. Zaccharin in the case of the czar, are wrecking the doctor's house in that city.

LIFE OF THE CZAR.

His Principal Concern Had Been to Put Down Nihilism.

Alexander III, emperor of all the Russias, who succeeded to the throne on the murder of his father by nihilist conspirators on March 13 (N. S.), 1881, was born March 10, 1845. For some time after his elevation to the throne he seldom appeared in public, but lived in the closest retirement at Gatchina, being in constant dread of the machinations of the secret societies of socialists. His coronation took place at Moscow May 27, 1883. Alexander III has never regarded his kingly office anything but a heavy burden, which personal inclination as well as common prudence imperatively urged him to shake off, and he richly deserves all the credit attaching to the mistaken sense of religious duty with which he struggled against the former and the manly courage with which he successfully opposed the latter. He married in 1866 Mary Feodorovna (formerly Mary Sophia Frederica Dagmar), daughter of Christian, the ninth King of Denmark and sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece.

The czar never forgave his cousin, Alexander Joseph of Battenburg, for acting independently of Russia in the crisis of 1886, and his vengeance was fully consummated a few years ago. In October, 1888, the czar with his family narrowly escaped death by a railway accident on the Transcaspian railway. The czar's nature was impressionable and he was ever prone to be at variance with himself. His contact with the world drove him to distrust and doubt both himself and others. In spite of his most strenuous endeavors to become a self-sufficient autocrat he never succeeded. He was almost impervious to the counsel and opinions of other people. He avoided as far as possible long and direct transactions with foreign diplomatists because he had no confidence in his power of estimating them at their proper value.

The principal concern of the czar has been to put down nihilism, to develop the military power of Russia, to organize her Asiatic and Caucasian provinces and to keep a steady eye upon Constantinople. His reign has not been signalized by any reforms. Everything, on the contrary, has been maintained in Russia as it was at the time of his father's assassination in March, 1881. As regards foreign affairs, the reign of Alexander III has hitherto been remarkable for the progress made by the Russian armies in central Asia. Soon after the accession of the new sovereign it was rashly stated in the British parliament that the young emperor had abandoned his central Asia policy, when all he had done had been to recall the troops which had just taken Geok-Tepe, a strong post on the road to Merv.

NEWS AT THE GREAT CAPITALS.

Brief and Sympathy Telegraphed from All the Nations.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The announcement of the czar's death brought profound grief to the Russian legation at Washington. President Cleveland today telegraphed the condolence and sympathy of the United States to St. Petersburg. All the diplomats speak highly of the czar. As soon as the news was received here Acting Secretary of State Adee called at the Russian embassy and conveyed to the ambassador verbally the government's condolence.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Upon receipt of the news of the czar's death the queen immediately despatched a telegram of condolence to the czarina. There were many callers at the Russian embassy who visited there to express condolence. The ministry has taken appropriate action. In all the capitals of Europe the news of the event is received with genuine expressions of sympathy. The tone of the press is one of gratitude to the czar for his love of peace.

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—The Kreus Zeitung publishes a dispatch from Stettin stating that the emperor dined with the officers of the King's regiment of grenadiers and made a speech. At the last review held by Emperor William's grandfather, shortly after the concluding speech had been made, the news of the death of the czar Alexander II arrived. The kaiser referred to this and said: "Our sympathy for the new emperor we couple with the desire that heaven may give him strength for his difficult office. Long live Emperor Nicholas II!" The band then played the Russian anthem.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—President Casimir-Perier and the members of the French cabinet, shortly after the czar's death became known, visited the Russian embassy as a mark of respect to the emperor. All the prefects of departments of France have been ordered to half mast and drape the flags on national and department buildings.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 2.—The death of the czar, who was a son-in-law of the king and queen of Denmark, has caused deep sorrow among all classes here, where his majesty was a universal favorite.

All Europe Deeply Impressed.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Queen Victoria, in addition to the official dispatch of sympathy sent to the imperial family of Russia, forwarded a private message of sympathy to the czarina and another to Czar Nicholas. From all the capitals of Europe dispatches announce the great impression which the death of Czar Alexander has produced. From Rome it is stated that the king of Italy, the pope and Premier Crispi have sent messages of condolence to Livadia, and a telegram from Berne states that the Swiss federal council has done the same. The French have been particularly notable in expressions of sorrow.

CRAZY WOMAN'S DEED.

She Coolly Beats Her Child's Brains Out with an Adz.

JACKSON, Tenn., Nov. 3.—Mrs. George sheets of Bolivar, Tenn., gave her 7-year-old daughter a picture book to amuse herself, and while the child turned the pages the mother struck her with an adz. With the first blow the child's brains were scattered over the floor and the crazy woman showered ten more blows upon the child. After the murder the mother coolly laid down upon a cot and went to sleep. When asked about the crime she confessed it and said she expected to die soon and did not want to leave the child alone in the world.

Have a Deed from King George.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Henry P. and Charles M. Obienis, descendants of Joost Van Obienis, one of the Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island, has filed papers in the United States circuit court in a suit involving a piece of real estate at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Pleasant avenue, valued at $100,000. The plaintiffs claim title under a patent issued by the king of England to Richard Nichols, from whom the property descended to Joost Van Obienis. The defendant claims a grant from the state of New York.

Destructive Storm in Texas.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 3.—A special to The Republic from Brenham, Tex., says: A hurricane, accompanied by hail and lightning, passed over this section from the northeast. Dwellings, barns, fencing, and trees were blown away. A number of people were badly injured by flying debris and falling houses and trees, but it is believed no lives were lost.

Results at College Football.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Following are the scores at college football games: At Iowa City, Ia.—Kansas 18, Iowa 14; at Annapolis, Md.—Lehigh, 0, Naval 16; at Ithaca, N. Y.—Michigan 0, Cornell 22; at Providence, R. I.—Yale 12; Brown 0; at St. Louis—Illinois 6, Pastime club 8; at Chicago, Purdue 10, Chicago 6; at Terre Haute, Ind.—Depauw 22, Rose Polytechnic 0.

Attempt to Burn a Packing House.

OMAHA, Nov. 5.—Last evening an attempt was made by incendiaries to fire the Hammond Packing house at South Omaha. Gasoline was thrown into the box department and set on fire. It was discovered before gaing any headway and extinguished without difficulty. There is no clue as to who did the work.

CHINA HAS ENOUGH.

Ah Sin Is Again Asking Europe to Secure Peace.

LONDON, Nov. 6.—The Daily News says that the Chinese minister has imparted to the foreign office China's desire that the powers mediate with Japan for a peace. The minister has gone to Paris to make a similar request of France. In a leader commenting on the foregoing the Daily News says that China has approached the powers with terms of peace she will offer Japan. "This is a formal renewal on a larger scale of the overtures made to the queen's ministers a month ago. No European power can well desire to prolong this disastrous conflict. Even the United States, despite the Monroe doctrine, must be concerned for the regularity and security of their great trade with Japan. It will be difficult to contend that interference is premature now."

A dispatch from Rome says that China is disposed to conclude peace with Japan on a basis of a guarantee of the independence of Corea and the payment of indemnity, the amount to be fixed by the powers. The dispatch adds that it is reported that China has invited the representatives of the powers to intervene to secure peace. The probability of the accuracy of the foregoing news is contained in a Shanghai dispatch which says that orders have been issued rescinding the projected dispatch of large supplies of rice for the army at New Chwang. It is due to the fact that the board of war has abandoned all hope of staying the progress of the Japanese army in Manchuria.

DEATH OF PHILIP A. HOYNE.

A Chicagoan Who Was Well Known by a Host of People.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Philip A. Hoyne, "Uncle Phil," as he was known all over this city, is dead, after a residence of fifty years in this city and "pere bouts." That is to say he did not live here continuously, having tried life at Galena, this state, and St. Louis, Mo. He had lived here, however, for more than forty years and since 1855 had been a United States commissioner. He was nearly 70 years old, having been born at New York Nov. 20, 1824.

The illness which resulted fatally began but a few days ago. Thursday last he appeared to be getting stronger and expressed a hope that he would be able to return to his desk in the Federal building the next morning. But when Friday morning came he had suffered a relapse and was compelled reluctantly to give up the idea of returning to work. All day Friday he grew worse, and the physicians when they left, pilling those on top into a struggling mass and crushing those on the pavement under the weight of the roof and those thereon, may be imagined, and cannot be imagined too dreadfully.

Rescue of the Sufferers.

A rush to the rescue was made immediately. The hundreds on both sides of the street who were not victims of the disaster sprang to work to liberate those caught in the wreck, while a heartrending element was added to the scene by the relatives and friends of those in the struggling, screaming and groaning pile of human beings who rushed frantically forward to learn their fate. Allen Sells was riding in his buggy at the head of the procession. He ordered it to stop and got out of his buggy and called those near him to assist in removing the people from beneath the debris. Different members of the circus rendered valuable assistance.

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SETS ASIDE THE PRECEDENT.

Secretary Carlisle Gives a New Reading to the Alien Labor Law.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Secretary Carlisle has written to Commissioner Stump, instructing him to release John J. Howard, Levi P. Morton's coachman, as one not coming under the prohibition of the alien contract labor law. Howard has been released, and the incident has ended. In his letter the secretary says:

"The decisions of Secretary Windom, March 12, 1890 (a. 9019), and Assistant Secretary Spaulding, April 30, 1891 (a. 11,015), that immigrants who come here under employment 'strictly as domestic or personal servants' cannot be lawfully permitted in the country, or permitted to remain here unless they actually come with their employers, are not approved, and will not hereafter be regarded as precedents by the immigration officials attached to this department."

MARRIAGE OF JUSTICE WHITE.

He Weds Mrs. Kent in a Jesuit Church at New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Hon. Edward Douglas White, associate justice of the United States supreme court, married Mrs. Virginia Montgomery Kent at the Jesuit church of St. Francis Xavier, in this city yesterday. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the bride and groom, numbering about twenty in all, were present. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Thomas E. Murphy, S. J., president of the New York college. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., who was formerly a professor at Georgetown college, Washington, D. C., at the time Justice White was studying there.

Pullman Men at Hiawatha.

HIAWATHA, Kan., Nov. 6.—The first installment of workingmen of the Pullman Co-operative club has reached here from Chicago. Thirty-five families and 115 people were in the party. Fifty thousand dollars has been subscribed by citizens of Hiawatha to start the enterprise, and ground for shops will be broken at once. The club is accompanied by Mr. Van Asaache, a retired manufacturer of Chicago, and a man of large fortune, who will take charge of the works and manage them free of charge until they are on a paying basis.

Sculptor Sues a Senator.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 6.—A suit for $18,000 damages has been begun in the circuit court against Senator John L. Mitchell for alleged failure to furnish funds to complete the soldiers' monument which he agreed to present to the city in 1890. The plaintiff is John S. Conway, an American sculptor residing in Rome. The complaint says that Mitchell agreed to pay $25,000 for the monument and that after paying the sum of $6,551 he refused to make any further payments and repudiated all obligations under the contract.

Bursting Boiler Costs Three Lives.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 5.—A Commercial Gazette special from Van Wart, O., says: The boiler in Foust's grain elevator at Grover Hill, near here, gave way under a heavy pressure of steam. Foust, the proprietor, and McDown, the engineer, and his son, aged 18, were working near the boiler at the time. The boy was killed instantly, while the two former will probably die. The building was completely wrecked.

Illinois Soldiers Are All Paid.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 5.—Adjutant General Orendorff has paid $12,500, the balance due members of the Illinois National Guard for services during the strikes last summer. The total amount paid for services during the trouble was $245,000.

Struck by a Train and Killed.

KEOKUK, Ia., Nov. 5.—D. M. Chisholm, of the firm of Chisholm & Evans, coal dealers and mine owners, was struck by a train and killed. His 4-year-old child was probably fatally injured.

FELL WITH A ROOF.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WATCHING A CIRCUS PARADE.

Out of a List of Sixty-Four Injured the Women and Children Number Fifty-five—A Structure Built for an Awning Collapses with Hundreds on Top.

TERRELL, Tex., Nov. 5.—As the result of the collapse of an awning under which was a crowd of people assembled to witness a circus parade several persons were fatally crushed and 100 others more or less seriously injured. The remarkable thing about the list of injured is the large proportion of women and children, but mostly women. Out of a list of sixty-four of those injured from fatally to severely fifty-five are either women or children and at least forty are women. It was a mercy that there was not a long list of "instantly killed" to report from the nature of the accident and this was only averted by the other accident that one set of supports of the awning did not come loose from their positions.

The Circus Was Coming to Town.

With the dawn of the morning one of the most enjoyable days for the citizens of this community had been promised. People from miles around had gathered to attend Sells Brothers' circus and witness the parade. About half past 10 o'clock the parade entered Moore avenue, the principal business street of the town. That thoroughfare was crowded with people and the awnings and windows of the second stories of the business houses were filled with spectators. On the awnings of the Mississippi store and in front of the dry goods house of Morris Brin an unusually large number of people had congregated to get a good view of the parade, 500 or more being on the awning and the sidewalk beneath was jammed.

How the Disaster Occurred.

The front of the circus parade had gone up Moore avenue until it reached a point directly in front of the Mississippi store, when the awnings mentioned collapsed and tumbled to the sidewalk and on the people beneath. The awnings gave way near the building with an awful crash, the iron columns falling inward and smashing the large plate glass fronts of both buildings. As will be seen from the foregoing the "awnings" were really long porticos or verandas, with flat roofs, making a very desirable place from which to view the procession. With the roofs of these awnings crowded with humanity and under them hundreds more, the scene

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END OF THE SANTA FE FIGHT.

Protectives Beaten and Old Board Men Elected Directors.

TOPEKA, Kan., Nov. 6.—The fight for the control of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway has ended in a victory for the old organization. The only hope of the "protectives" was that Judge Foster would decide in favor of the cumulative system of voting, and this, in a long opinion, he has declined to do, saying that the cumulative system does not apply in the case. He backed up his opinion with many authorities and court decisions. This defeated the protectives, and left them "not a leg to stand upon."

The shareholders had been awaiting this decision to hold a meeting and as soon as it was announced the meeting was held. The protectives delayed matters by a number of resolutions, which were referred promptly, and finally the election of directors came up. The men chosen by the old board were all elected, and the fight is over for the time. The men elected are: Edward J. Berwynd, James A. Blair, Wm. L. Bull, Thomas P. Fowler, John A. McCall, and F. K. Sturgis, of New York; B. F. Cheney, Jr., S. C. Lawrence, and George A. Nickerson, of Boston; C. S. Gleed, C. K. Holliday, —— Bonebrake, and E. Wilder, of Topeka.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

Little Boy of 7 and His Sister, Aged 5, Found Murdered.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 6.—A Blade special from Paulding, O., reports the horrible murder of a boy aged 7 and his sister, aged 5, the children of Samuel Good, a prosperous farmer living about two miles from the town. The children started out and not returning at dark, searching parties were formed. The little bodies were found in a brush heap at daylight. The boy's throat was cut from ear to ear; the girl was decapitated and disembowled, the weapon used being an ax. An attempt had been made to burn the brush heap, but it was too wet. The theory is that the little girl was outraged, and the double murder committed to hide the crime. The surrounding country is up in arms, and armed men are searching everywhere for any suspicious persons.

Fire at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 3.—Fire broke out in the large Scottish Rite building located in South Pennsylvania street, this city. The fire rapidly got beyond the control of the fire department and spread to and destroyed the Indiana Medical college and the Indianapolis National gas block. At 7 o'clock the fire had burned itself out and a number of streams were playing on the ruins. Several firemen were hurt, one reported killed. The loss will amount to several hundred thousand of dollars.

Fall of a Scaffold.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—A scaffold suspended under the roof of the Erie depot train shed in Jersey City fell and six of the eight men at work upon it were hurled to the station platform beneath. Two of the men succeeded in catching hold of one of the roof girders and were thus able to save themselves. John Hume and Stephen Dietz were so badly injured internally that their recovery is doubtful. The others injured are John Costello, George Steady, Charles Rooky and Cornelius McPhillips.

Windfall for Corporal Hanson.

DETROIT, Nov. 6.—A windfall has come to Corporal J. Hanson of the Nineteenth United States infantry, stationed at Fort Wayne, in the suburbs of this city. He has just received definite word from Denmark that there has been bequeathed him $100,000. Hanson, who is an expert in field fortifications and artillery, has been in the army a number of years.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¾@488 for demand and 486¾@487 for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 488¼@489; commercial bills 483¾@484¾.

Silver certificates 63¾ bid; no sales; bar silver 63¾. Mexican dollars 51¾.

United States government bonds firm; regular, 113½; 4's coupons, 113¾; 4's regular, 115½; 5's coupons, 113½; 2's regular, 98 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 53¾c, closed 53¾c; December, opened 53¾c, closed 54¾c; May, opened 58¾c, closed 59¼c. Corn—November, opened 32c, closed 31¾c; December, opened 29¾c, closed 30¼c; May, opened 33¾c, closed 34c. Oats—November, opened 23¾c, closed 23¾c; May, opened 27¾c, closed 28c. Pork—November, opened $——, closed $——; January, opened $11.65, closed $11.87½. Lard—January, opened $6.75, closed $6.95.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 19c; packing stock, 10@13c. Eggs—17¾ per doz. less off. Live poultry—Chickens, old, 6c per lb; spring, 8c; ducks, 7@8c; turkeys, 6@8c; geese, 6@7c per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu; Hebrons, 35@36c; Rose, 45@50c. Sweet potatoes—Jerseys, $2.00@2.50 per bbl; Illinois, $1.25@1.50. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $7.50@8.00 per bbl; $2.25@2.75 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@15c; broken comb, 10@13c; dark comb, poor packages, 9c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 34,000; sales ranged at $3.40@4.45 pigs, $4.15@4.65 light, $4.15@4.60 rough packing, $4.35@4.75 mixed, and $4.45@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 14,200; quotations ranged at $3.25@5.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.45 good to choice do, $3.85@4.50 fair to good, $3.40@4.20 common to medium do, $2.60@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.00@2.60 stockers, $2.20@3.10 feeders, $1.25@3.10 cows, $2.40@3.10 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.10@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.40 western rangers and $2.00@4.30 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 10,000; sales ranged at $1.30@3.00 westerns, $1.80@3.80 Texans, $1.75@3.30 natives and $3.00@4.15 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 5.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 53½c; No. 1 northern, 51½c; May, 59¾c. Corn—No. 3 white, 32½c. Oats—No. 3 white, 22½c; No. 3 white, 21½@22c. Barley—No. 2, 52c; samples, 52@54c. Rye—No. 1, 52½c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 5.

Wheat—Cash, 49¾c; November, 49¾; December, 50¾c; May, 55c. Corn—Cash, 47¼c; November, 47¼c; December, 46¾c; May, 47¼c. Oats—Cash, 23c; November, 23¾c; May, 28½c. Pork—Jobbing, $12.50. Lard—Steam, $6.75; choice, $6.90.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Nov. 5.

Wheat—No. 2 cash, 53½c; November, 53½c; December, 53¼c; May, 59¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 32c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 22½c; No. 2 white, 28c. Rye—Cash, 52c. Clover seed—Prime cash, $5.12; November, $5.22; February, $5.47½.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Nov. 1.

An engine and three cars went through a drawbridge on the Wisconsin side of the Northern Pacific road at West Superior and buried themselves in the eighteen-foot channel.

Obituary: At Marshall, Ills., Lawrence Kelly, aged 54. At Boscobel, Wis., Christian H. Uphoma.

Three more officers of the Guarantee Investment company, of Nevada, Mo., have been indicted at St. Louis for using the mails for lottery purposes.

The director of the mint announces that all the dies for the World's fair medals are complete and that the stamping of the medals will commence in a few days.

The next war that may be looked for is one between Guatemala and Mexico. The two countries are having trouble about their "line fence."

At the dinner given at Chicago on the first annual reunion of the director general and department chiefs of the World's fair each chief was the recipient of a bronze medal, as one of the "makers" of the exposition.

Friday, Nov. 2.

The wife of Second Vice President Wickes, of the Pullman company, has sued for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. The couple have not been living together for some time.

Guatemala has been told by the foreign diplomats at the capital of that country that her claims on the Mexican border are untenable and war is not so likely as it was.

President Angell, of the Ann Arbor university, has declined the pastorate of the late Professor Swing's church at Chicago. He says that preaching is not his vocation.

Senator Voorhees' friends are much pleased with the improvement in his health, indicated by his activity in the Indiana campaign.

The latest resignation in the German cabinet is Von Heyden Cadow, Prussian minister of agriculture. He could not agree with his colleagues on the penal code.

Five of the leaders of the "Sanctified Band," on Chincoteague island, near Onancock, Va., have been indicted for conspiracy in separating wives from their husbands and for being public nuisances.

Saturday, Nov. 3.

Goethe lodge, Knights of Pythias, the largest German lodge in Maryland, which has been in existence sixteen years, has surrendered its charter and rituals and withdrawn from the order.

It is now certain that the steamer Ivanhoe, overdue for a month at Portland, Ore., has gone down with all on board, twenty souls.

Robert J. and John R. Gentry raced for $2,000 at the Point Breeze track. The track was in nearly perfect condition, but the best time made was 2:08 in the first heat. In the second the time was 2:12½. Robert J. won both heats.

Mary Anderson, a Chicago pickpocket, is in trouble because she attempted to work her game on a detective employed in a big department store.

Fire at South Omaha destroyed the beef house of the Hammond packing plant with a large quantity of beef, and cost the lives of John Steele and Henry Peters, who were killed by a falling wall. The money loss is about $30,000.

Monday, Nov. 5.

The postoffice department has issued orders declaring the Artisan's Saving and Loan association of Pittsburg, the Omaha, Neb., Co-operative Supply company and the American Saving and Loan associatiea, of Chicago, to be fraudulent concerns, not entitled to the use of the mails.

After working nearly all night on the safe of the Christman-Sawyer bank at Independence, Mo., robbers had to leave without a cent of the $30,000 it contained. They ruined the safe, though.

The body of the late czar is expected at St. Petersburg on Nov. 18. It will lie in state at Odessa, Kieff and Moscow on its way to that city.

Sagasta has organized a new cabinet for Spain which the queen regent has accepted. Sagasta is premier.

Sophia Brady, John Reilly and a girl named Schiller are locked up at Detroit for threatening to expose the past life of a society leader unless she paid for silence. She declined to pay.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.

M. M. Browning, a Philadelphia produce dealer who is said to have beaten Illinois and Wisconsin farmers out of $36,000, has disappeared.

The government is saving about $50,000 annually by printing its own postage stamps.

Wives of striking cloakmakers at New York met and almost unanimously voted against their husbands going back to work. One woman who didn't agree to the general sentiment was only saved by the police from being mobbed.

Mme. Vneve Bouvier, about the last of the French vivandiers (she was the comic opera stage), appeared in her uniform recently at a reception accorded her by President Casimir-Perier. In the Fifth Cutrassiers, when Louis Phillipe was king, madame was styled "the goddess," and so she is still known.

Henry Bigelow Williams, of Boston, became a bankrupt in 1878, owing $400,000. Recently he was released from bankruptcy by due judicial process, after paying dollar for dollar and 6 per cent. interest. Some of the creditors who objected to receiving interest were told by Williams that they must take all or nothing.

Must Praise Hood's

"I was troubled with Dyspepsia, and was in such a condition I could not walk. In a week after I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

I Felt Better

Since taking four bottles I am perfectly cured—never felt better in my life. I can work hard, eat heartily and sleep well. My wife says there is nothing like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Can't help praising Hood's." JOSEH W. SNYDER, Saville, Pennsylvania. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion.

CHAPTER I.

The second call for guard mounting had sounded, and the new officer of the day stood leaning against the railing that inclosed the sundial before the governor's palace, idly awaiting the arrival of the regimental band and the details from the companies composing the garrison of the neighboring fort.

The palace occupied the whole western side of the plaza, its gray adobe walls suggesting nothing palatial, but from the time when the governors of the Mexican republic reigned like eastern satraps over this isolated territory down to the present day it had borne the title of El Palacio, and, although it had long since ceased to be the largest, costliest or even the most comfortable residence in Santa Fe, the name still clung to it.

The plaza was at the time of this chronicle a barren waste, occupied by market men and women from the adjacent country. Here their patient burros stood in groups, loaded with wood, grass and vegetables and other country produce, awaiting bids from purchasers.

Opposite the center of the palace and just outside the bordering row of cottonwoods stood the sundial, which had been placed there before the trees were planted and allowed to remain after they had attained their growth, although in the later hours of the day the rays of the sun could not reach it. The dial was mounted upon a granite pedestal and surrounded by a low iron railing. Against this railing the new officer of the day leaned one June morning, his face turned toward the parlor windows of the palace. He was a young fellow above the medium height, firmly built and graceful. A well balanced head upon square shoulders and a face of regular and handsome features indicated a character firm and resolute. His closely cropped hair and full mustache were dark brown, his eyes grayish blue and his complexion browned by exposure in the field. His insignia of rank showed the bars of a first lieutenant.

The market men and women had withdrawn with their burros into the side streets when the notes of fife and drum heralded the approach of a regimental band from the fort. It passed along the southern side of the plaza, aligned itself upon the "markers" and played the "Adjutant's Call." The lieutenant raised himself from his leaning posture, with the intention of watching the arrival of the details, when his glance fell upon a window of the palace. A young girl was standing there intently observing the soldiery, her right

A young girl was standing there intently observing the soldiery.

hand resting lightly on the top of the lower half of the sash. Nearly her whole figure was revealed in the morning light. She was a blond—a type rare in New Mexico, although her eyes were not foreign to the country, being of a deep and soulful black. For a moment Lieutenant Raymer fancied he was looking upon a countrywoman, but a rosary and cross of Mexican filigree, a silken rebozo and that indefinable grace of pose and manner peculiar to the Latin races stamped her as foreign, if not Mexican, while the golden hair and fair skin, the beautiful regularity of features and a certain delicacy of the ears nestling in the rimpling hair proved conclusively that she was of the exclusive Castellanos, who boast of blood uncontaminated by mixture with Indian or grisu.

As the lieutenant gazed at this young girl he was prompted to an act which we will not attempt to excuse, although among the fan and handkerchief flirting ladies of Spain and the colonies of that land of warm impulses it is not looked upon as an unpardonable sin against the proprieties. He raised his white gloved hand to the rim of his hat and executed a half salute. The young lady immediately disappeared from the window.

During the 24 hours of his tour of duty Raymer's thoughts frequently reverted to the incident connected with the last guard mounting, and the reflection that he had made a bad impression upon one whose beauty so attracted him was far from pleasant.

Next morning he again took his way to the plaza, this time to enact the part of old officer of the day. He again paused at the sundial and sought the parlor windows, beholding the fair vision of the previous morning standing as before. She exhibited, however, no consciousness of his presence, looking beyond him at the band and assembling guard. This time the lieutenant made no demonstration that could give offense, but simply indulged himself in occasional glances and passed at the proper moment to the place of review.

His duties in the plaza ended, Raymer returned to the fort and soon afterward appeared on the veranda of the officers' quarters. He was presently joined by Lieutenant Reed, whose company had been stationed nearly a year in the city, while his own had but recently arrived. Drawing a chair near Raymer's, Reed observed, "Well, old fellow, how does Santa Fe compare with the Navajo country?"

"As rest to fatigue mainly," replied Raymer.

"And cleanliness to dust and dirt, you might have added," continued Reed.

"Personally or municipally?" queried Raymer.

"Well, personally, I suppose, for the city is not very well policed, for a fact. But that Navajo service—I've taken my turn at it and can appreciate your feelings. It is a life full of danger, minus the element of glory."

"I certainly do feel it a relief to be secure from alarms, not to have my heart bound into my throat at every shout or find my hand seeking my waist belt at the breaking of a twig."

"Not much like your life on the Potomac."

"No. There one felt that if the fates gave victory to the enemy the worst that could happen was imprisonment and poor fare, with some chance of exchange. In Indian warfare defeat means death and mutilation. The red man takes no prisoners in action, so one must win or die. I think I shall like Santa Fe for a change. Is there any society here?"

"Little army society. There have been few ladies at the frontier garrison since the war broke out."

"Aren't the Mexican families social?"

"Among themselves, yes, but not toward us gringos."

"Do you never receive invitations to their houses?"

"Yes, to meet the men now and then, but I never see the ladies."

"And don't you know any of the girls?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of girls—such girls as attend the bailes and fandangoes, but of the gente finas we know none."

"Never meet them in your calls?"

"Never. I have been invited to dinners, lunches and card parties at several of the best houses and have been entertained right royally, too—by the men, and I've met some married ladies—they were very hospitable—and a few unmarried ones long past the interesting age. The lady of the house and a few of her married friends sometimes appear in the salas, but the daughters are invisible."

"But officers have sometimes married Mexican girls?"

"Now and then, but I have been giving you my own experience."

"How have such marriages been brought about?"

"Accidental meetings, love at first sight, elopements. Mexican marriages, you know, are arranged by the parents of the young people."

"And are consequently unhappy, I suppose?" said Raymer, smiling curiously.

"That is our American idea."

"Is it false?"

"I think so. Our divorce courts show the results of indiscriminate so called love matches. Did it ever strike you that a little more parental supervision might be desirable and beneficial?"

"Doesn't that reflection belong to the parental age? No; I have never given it a thought. I have always believed in love before marriage."

"Yet the cold fact stands, Raymer," continued Reed, "that marriages among the French, Italians and Spaniards are quite as happy as ours. Right here in Santa Fe I've no doubt that among the married there is as much domestic happiness, love, devotion and that sort of thing as in any American town of its size in the eastern states."

"Oh, yes, I am up on all the current literature of the subject and have been chaperoned in New York, Philadelphia and Lake George! I am not ignorant of Latin race methods, but I believe in our lovemaking. Don't you, Reed?"

"Don't I! Am I an American? What would life be without it? I think the Mexican youth have missed the gist of life in not making their union in the good old Anglo-Saxon way. It is like sitting down to a fine dinner with one's nose stopped and eyes covered. The effect of odors, floral decorations and æsthetic arrangement of glass and china is lost."

"An original comparison indeed! But I supposed that contact with our countrymen had broken up those customs in the territories acquired of Mexico."

"No," replied Reed reflectively; "the custom has not been abandoned. Indeed the tendency is in the opposite direction, and American fathers and mothers seem to be adopting some foreign restrictions in these matters—more English than French or Spanish perhaps. I think you mentioned the chaperon?"

"Yes; she is becoming recognized as the correct thing now; not so strict and merciless as the Spanish duena, however."

"I hope not."

"Do you know any young ladies at the palace?" asked Raymer, broaching the subject upon which his thoughts had been dwelling of late.

"There are several usually," replied Reed. "The governor has a daughter, and she has many friends and some cousins who visit her."

"I have seen but one, a young lady with fair hair and dark eyes," observed Raymer.

"There are three who answer to that description. When did you see her?"

"At guard mounting yesterday and today a young lady stood at the window overlooking the sundial. She appeared to be about 18 or 19, fair haired, black eyed, of delicate complexion, graceful figure"——

"You might as well give me the 'position of a soldier,'" interrupted Reed. "Tell me what she wore."

"I think," said Raymer thoughtfully, "she wore a creamy dress, a light blue sash, a rebozo of broad yellow and black stripes, with fringe of same colors"——

"Cross and rosary of jet and gold?" again interrupted Reed. "Maltese cross of Mexican filigree in sash?"

"Yes."

"It was Dona Teresa Valencia. She is from Albuquerque and is one of the cousins. She will graduate at the convent school this summer."

"Do you know her?"

"I know her by sight, having seen her at the palace windows as you have, and I have also seen her riding with Colonel Stockton and his wife. Mrs. Stockton calls at the governor's and knows all the young ladies, but she must be under some promise to the convent sisters to keep us youngsters aloof, for we have never been able to manage an introduction."

"Does she never speak of Miss Valencia?"

"Yes, frequently. Says Dona Teresa is brilliant and accomplished, speaks Spanish and English equally well, is well read in ancient and modern literature, reads French, plays, sings and draws and is gentle and sweet—an angel, with wings just sprouting, I suppose. Mrs. Stockton makes herself miserable over the thought that so much concentrated sweetness and excellence are to be wasted upon a monte playing, bull tailing Mexican, for it is reported that a matrimonial bargain has already been made between the girl's parents and those of a cheap fellow in Las Lunas, named Ortega—a cowardly scamp of no account whatever. Has money, that's all. Mrs. Stockton further says that if she was a young American gentleman she would make it the object of her life to win this treasure."

"Why have none of you tried it?" asked Raymer.

"Because there are American girls with prior claims upon us, I suppose," was the reply. "I can answer for myself to that effect. Even if the daring young American should be found, how is he to break through all the barriers that hedge this beauty from the ordinary methods of lovemaking?"

"Love is said to laugh at locksmiths," replied Raymer.

The conversation was here interrupted by a messenger asking Lieutenant Reed's presence at the adjutant's office, and Raymer was left to ponder over what he had learned and to speculate upon the possibilities of forming an acquaintance with the girl who had interested him so much.

For a week the lieutenant daily haunted the sundial, but not once in the seven days that his eyes sought the palace windows did he see any members of the household, except the servants who dusted the casings and polished the panes.

Early next morning Raymer was sent on detached service, from which he did not return until late on the following Saturday. Sunday morning he determined to attend church at the cathedral, and at the usual hour entered the eastern door of the transept. The congregation was already assembled and seated upon the floor in rows after the Mexican manner. Neither pew nor bench was there, except two rows of seats in the recess behind him, and those were occupied by scholars of the convent. He found the prospect of standing, a conspicuous figure, through a long service, anything but pleasant. He could not persuade himself to sit upon his heels, as did the thousand devout worshipers about him.

While looking uneasily about and pondering his rather uncomfortable situation he recognized the face of Teresa Valencia. She was dressed in the plain garb prescribed by the convent regulations, a brown gown and white sunbonnet. At that moment an acolyte approached from the chancel bearing a chair and said:

"The compliments of his lordship the bishop. Here is a chair for the gentleman."

The lieutenant accepted the courtesy with thanks and seated himself before the double line of schoolgirls.

Philip Raymer was not a communicant of the church before whose altar he now sat. He was a descendant of an old New England family of the Anglican faith. He had graduated from a good college and at the outbreak of the civil war was a junior member of a legal firm. His preparation for college had been pursued at a boys' military school, where he had acquired a soldierly bearing and a creditable knowledge of infantry drill and tactics. He offered his services at the first call for troops and was made captain of a company in a good regiment. After continuous service from Bull Run to Antietam he had been appointed a lieutenant in the regular army and ordered to New Mexico.

Fashionable circles of the seaboard cities had known Raymer both as a civilian and a soldier, and some of the best clubs bore his name upon their registers, but until he stood at the railing of the sundial in Santa Fe and met the eyes of Teresa Valencia he had never been strongly attracted by girlish charms. Nor could he quite understand his interest now. He had met many beautiful, accomplished and well educated girls in the east, but none had interested him to the same extent as had this girl. To be sure, he had not heard her voice, he had scarcely seen her move, he knew nothing of her except through Reed's gossip, he was ignorant of her mental endowments and character, but he felt strangely drawn toward her and was animated by a strong desire to make her acquaintance.

When Raymer turned to place his chair, he caught a second glimpse of Dona Teresa. The face in the sunbonnet was as beautiful and the eyes shone with the same brilliancy as when he saw her in finer attire standing at the palace window. Plainness of dress and absence of ornaments had robbed neither form nor face of its beauty.

It is needless to say that Raymer's devotion was expressed in lip service, and that his thoughts did not stray far from his immediate neighborhood. He had no prayer book, but presently one was thrust into his hand by the kneeling Teresa. At the close of the nunc dimittis he sought to return the book, but found the scholars faced about and a nun standing between him and its owner. The sister received it and his thanks without a word and remained silently and stiffly on guard until Raymer passed out of the cathedral.

In the evening of the same day Mr. Raymer joined Mrs. Stockton on the veranda of the colonel's quarters to listen to the Sunday evening concert of the regimental band. The conversation ran upon various topics during the intervals between the selections, and when the concert ended the lieutenant observed, "I went to church today."

"Did you sit on the floor?"

"No; the bishop sent me a chair."

"Oh, yes, I have heard that he recognized the inflexibility of military joints and shows that courtesy to officers! If you want to be sure of a seat, however, you should always attend church when the bishop is there. None of his priests are so considerate."

"I noticed the sisters and scholars from the convent had seats."

"That is because the sisters are French, Irish and American generally and are not accustomed to sit on the floor. The Mexicans, either by inheritance from the Moors or through intermarriage with the Pueblos, seem to prefer the floor to a chair. In Mexican families, even among the aristocracy, the ladies, unless entertaining Americans, sit on the floor."

"One of the young ladies from the convent lent me her prayer book. She was kneeling behind me."

"Poor child! She will have to do penance for that indiscretion. It is against the sisters' rules for the pupils to communicate with gentlemen."

"But this was not communication, Mrs. Stockton," said Raymer. "It was a kindly act, such as one might expect in any eastern church."

"True, but advantage might be taken of it to pass notes, you know. I believe the sisters are right. I think I can guess who lent you her book. Was it a golden tressed blond?"

"Yes; I have seen her twice at the palace windows, but not in conventual garb."

"It was Teresa Valencia, a relative of the governor's wife, who, you perhaps know, is Mexican."

"I know nothing of the governor's family. Having so recently arrived, I have learned little of the people."

"The governor, I think you know, is an American, and Teresa Valencia is his wife's niece. She is attending school at the convent and has been allowed to visit the palace occasionally."

"Convent and palace life must appear in marked contrast to her. The brown serge gown and the ugly sunbonnet she wore at church and the dress and ornaments she wore when witnessing guard mounting were vastly different. The first did not conceal her beauty, and she certainly graced the latter."

"You draw a proper distinction," said Mrs. Stockton. "You noticed the lady rather than her dress."

"I deserve no such credit," replied Raymer. "I admired the details of dress as well as person."

"She is very beautiful, both in mind and person. I have rarely met a more accomplished girl than Miss Valencia."

"But how is it possible to obtain many accomplishments here? The convent school must have its limitations. An education there cannot equal that of the best schools in the states."

"In your native state, for instance, Mr. Raymer. Nevertheless there are many accomplished Mexican families. Besides Dona Teresa is very American on several accounts. Her father was educated in New England schools and her mother in a St. Louis convent. After marriage they lived in New York several years, Senor Valencia being an agent for a Mexican commercial house. Their daughter lived there from the age of 5 to 15 in intimate association with American children. Since then the family has lived in Albuquerque."

Further conversation upon this subject was interrupted by the appearance of Colonel Stockton and several other officers, and Raymer arose to go. Before he left, however, Mrs. Stockton informed him that on the following Wednesday the graduating exercises of the sisters' seminary would occur, and if he cared to attend as her escort she would see that he obtained admission. Few things could have pleased the lieutenant better, and it was arranged that he should accompany Mrs. Stockton to the school on Wednesday.

Accordingly at 10 o'clock of the day appointed the lady and her attendant were received by a sister usher and conducted to the interior of the convent. Passing through an archway, they found themselves in a broad, open court surrounded by a piazza, the whole space being filled with seats.

Opposite the entrance a stage was prepared for the graduating class. At one side of the stage Raymer noted a brass band composed of the brothers and pupils from a neighboring monastery. They were quaintly clad in gown and cassock.

Mrs. Stockton and her companion selected a central seat, over which she raised a large parasol to shelter them from the rays of the sun. Raymer realized that he and his friend were foreigners in the assemblage, and he found it necessary to give the utmost attention to the English selections in order to understand them.

Teresa Valencia, emerged from the chrysalis vestments of her convent life, appeared first, the salutatorian of her class, clad in white relieved by a little color in ribbons and flowers. The excitement of the moment had brought a delicate blush rose tint to her cheeks, and the slight tremor of voice in which she read her opening lines added to her charms the grace of modesty.

Raymer felt grateful to Mrs. Stockton for giving him this enjoyable hour. He half suspected she read his thoughts, for there was a suppressed twinkle lingering in the corner of her eyes when his glance met hers. The reader, recalling the lady's remark as reported by Lieutenant Reed, "that if she was a young American gentleman she would make it the object of her life to win this treasure," may infer that she had marked Raymer for the invincible hero of her romance.

After the last blare of the monastic band's somewhat discordant rendition of "Sweet Home" the bishop's chair was moved to the center of the stage by two young priests and a table placed beside it. Upon this lay rosaries, crucifixes, missals and other churchly articles—prizes to be awarded those excelling in scholarship, conduct, punctuality and devotion. Each prize winner, after receiving her award, accompanied by the episcopal benediction, left the stage and sought out parent or guardian, into whose hands she gave the prize and received it again with a blessing and congratulations. The last prize given was the highest and was awarded Teresa Ines Valencia for best average scholarship. Upon receiving it she came down into the court and made her way through the crowded passages to a handsome gentleman sitting at Raymer's right and delivered her prize into his hands. As he took it from her he rose, bowed gallantly, and placing a hand gently upon her head, as she bent before him, said in English: "My darling, you fill my heart with pride. God bless you!"

"Thank you, papa. You have been my best teacher, and I owe my success to you," replied Teresa in the same language, again receiving the gift and returning with it to the stage.

With some appropriate service of the church the exercises closed, and the audience soon dispersed. All resemblance to an eastern school ceased with the benediction. The girls, wrapped in cloaks, their heads obscured in rebozos, were crowded into closed carriages and whisked from sight without delay. Raymer accompanied Mrs. Stockton to the fort, thanked her for the pleasant entertainment she had afforded him and started for a long walk to the eastern side of the city.

Leaving the plaza at the southeastern corner and descending to the river which divides the town, he crossed to the opposite side. There was but a rill of water in the bed, the bulk having been drawn into the irrigating ditches far above and conducted to the fertile fields and gardens which extended for many miles outside and below the city. He walked along the narrow, dirty and crooked streets, bordered by small, shabby one storied houses of adobe, before which played naked children and in the doors of which stood dark complexioned women, clad in red flannel petticoats and white cotton camisas, the common dress of the common people.

Huge, lank Mexican dogs rushed out of alleys with furious barking, instinctively recognizing the lieutenant to be of a race alien to their masters and as instinctively understanding that the safest course for a dog was to attempt nothing worse than a bark.

The walk was continued to a ranch several miles beyond the outskirts of the city, where the lieutenant remained the guest of the owner until evening, when he started homeward.

The return route passed in front of the convent and entered the plaza at the northeastern corner. When Raymer approached the river, he saw on the opposite side a long mule train entering the city with freight brought across the plains from the far distant Missouri. Whips were popping and drivers shouting in exhilaration begot of prospective rest from a long and wearisome journey and the thought of dissipation in a round of fandangoes and monte.

Raymer's rapid stride soon brought him alongside the straining mules and creaking wagons, and he was nearly opposite the convent entrance when he observed two women and a man coming down the street. One woman was unmistakably an ancient duena, and the other appeared to be a young lady, her face and figure closely concealed in rebozo and capa. The man was young and richly clad in a Mexican costume of black, bespangled with small buttons, plates, buckles and lace of silver. When the party reached the middle of the train, a brawny, rough bearded wagon master, dressed in a grimy suit of fringe buckskin, sprang from his horse, and throwing his reins to a driver shouted, "Here's for the first kiss of a senorita!" at the same time attempting to pass his arm about the waist of the young woman.

Raymer, still at considerable distance, looked to see the Mexican caballero interfere. The old woman grasped the wagon master's arm to hold him back and was screaming wildly for help, while the girl appealed to her male escort for protection. That individual made a feeble dash at the wagoner, only to meet a blow in the face that sent him sprawling among the wagon wheels.

The officer saw it was time for him to interfere, and with a bound he placed himself beside the wagon master and wrenched him to a right about, saying, "Take yourself away from here, or I shall hand you over to the provost!"

"Oh, you want to jine the greaser, do you, my milingtary sunflower? Well, I'm willin to accommodate you. Take that!"

A blow straight from the wagoner's left was launched at Raymer's face, but it was skillfully parried, while a crushing return lit on the jaw of the bully, who measured his length upon the ground. College gymnastics, stroke oar practice with a winning crew and life in the field had given the lieutenant a power not to be trifled with.

At this moment an infantry sergeant and two men of the provost guard, attracted by the screams of the duena, appeared and took the demoralized wagon master to the guardhouse. The Mexican had unaccountably disappeared. The lieutenant looked around for the two women and saw that the convent gates were open, while half a dozen excited nuns hurried through the entrance a beautiful girl whose mantle had fallen away, disclosing the face of Teresa Valencia. Next morning Raymer stood on the plaza near the sundial. Before the central entrance of the governor's palace stood a large family ambulance with four mules attached. Servants were busy loading trunks, bags, hampers and boxes upon the rack and roof in the boot and inside pockets and beneath the seats. When everything was stowed, a servant entered the house to announce that the carriage was ready. Senor Valencia and his daughter appeared, dressed for a journey and accompanied by the governor and his household, who took a veritable Spanish leave of their guests, following them to the vehicle, wishing them a happy journey and frequent returns and embracing them with much show of affection.

The driver cracked his whip and shouted, the mules sprang into a gallop, and the ambulance whirled out of the plaza in a cloud of flying dust and gravel. As the vehicle approached the sundial Raymer looked eagerly at the occupants, but he caught no sign of recognition from the object of his thoughts. As the last wheel passed the dial a delicate hand was thrust beneath the curtains, and a small book fell near him. The lieutenant picked it up and recognized it to be the "Libro de Devociones" which had been lent him at the cathedral the previous Sunday.

Hastening to the fort, Raymer entered his quarters, closed the door and stood for several moments rapidly searching the pages in quest of written name or sentence, but not a line or word met his eye. He was disappointed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Cal Brice Got His Start.

Senator Brice got his start in life in a rather interesting way. After he left college he studied law, but he didn't get on very well, and he went to Charlie Foster, then governor of Ohio, and asked him if something in the way of an office couldn't be found for him. "Impossible," said the governor. "You are a Democrat, and I am a Republican. It would cause no end of talk if I were to give you a place, with so many Republicans wanting offices." But Brice was in straits, and he begged so earnestly for some help by which he might extricate himself that Foster finally placed a sum of money in his hands and told him to go to New York and look after a certain financial transaction. His last injunction to the young man was to follow instructions. When he got there, Brice made inquiries first and then acted directly contrary to what he had been told, telegraphing forthwith what he had done. Foster wired indignantly for the reason. The reply was, "Because I could make $40,000 for you." There was no questioning beyond that, and thenceforth Foster and Brice worked in harmony in various railroad operations, the latter giving up his idea of a legal career for the more lucrative one of railroad builder and promoter.

There Was a Resemblance.

Down in Nassau street is a dignified lawyer and officer of the Twenty-third regiment named Pope. From Mr. Pope's personal appearance it would be a fair toss up whether he would be taken for a theological student or a member of the bar. He had a case up the state the other day, and as he was returning to town, wearing that peculiar self satisfied smile a lawyer always has after a winning fight, a stranger addressed him. The stranger was evidently a countryman and wanted to know how to get through this big, wicked city without touching it. He had probably been emboldened by Mr. Pope's theological appearance and legal smile to venture the inquiry as to the nearest way to the Cortlandt street ferry from the Grand Central station.

Mechanically falling into his courtly habit of cross examination, the lawyer drew his neighbor into conversation. He was ready to tender the stranger the freedom of the city if the latter should change his mind and remain over night.

"Oh, I ain't afeared—I ain't got no time," explained the countryman.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," said Mr. Pope in his sweetest manner. "Anybody who goes about his business is just as safe in New York as he would be in Schoharie county, provided his business doesn't take him around in disreputable places at night."

"They say they's some mighty slick men down there," said the man, with a knowing grin.

"Yes. Here's a case in this paper," said Mr. Pope, and he pointed out the flaring headlines of the last bunko job. The old man carefully spelled it out:

"Says he was slick an looked like a preacher," says he, and he began to edge away from the lawyer as if he had suddenly recognized him. And when he saw the latter behind him at the station afterward he broke into a sharp run.—New York Herald.

To Extract Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen, and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oil silk, or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in 15 days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.—Florist.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Miss Ada Rehan.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Potter-Bellew.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe Taber.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Tavary Opera Company.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"A Country Sport."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"On the Bowery."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Railroad Ticket."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Hustler."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE NEW RUSSIAN RULER.

The sufferings of Alexander III are over, so far as this world is concerned, but the sufferings of the unfortunate people his dying hand consigned to the living death of the Siberian mines have only begun. There is a good deal of hypocritical buncombe indulged in here and elsewhere over the fate of this cruel tyrant, who was the worthy grandson of the monster, Nicholas I, whose only virtue was that he hated the English, who alone rivalled his government in diabolism. Alexander III was a huge creature, without much intellect, and with just sufficient brute courage to save him from appearing ridiculous. He was by no means as brave a man as his father, who was as good as the infamous job of being Czar of all the Russias would permit him to be. Alexander II was, at least, a soldier and a gentleman, and his emancipation of the serfs was an act that, under all the circumstances surrounding it, redeems his name from association with those of the vile persons who reigned before and after him. The death of the late Czar was no loss to humanity either in Russia or elsewhere. He was simply a common minded despot, who believed in the dungeon, the knout, the scaffold and the salt mine, like his ancestors, always excepting his father, who would have been a noble character, if he had not been a Russian emperor.

Alexander's son, Nicholas II, succeeds him. This youth bears a horrible moral reputation. Unless he is grossly libeled by the press of England and America, he is an unspeakable monster with a delicate human frame. We hope he is belied, for, if he is not, certain statutes that commait a nameless class of offenders to the penitentiary for a long term of years, ought to be, in common justice, abrogated. However, as the accusations against young Nicholas come chiefly from English sources, he may be cruelly maligned. We know that the English press grossly maligned Napoleon Bonaparte, charging him with moral horrors of which he was utterly incapable, simply because it wished to justify England's ruffianly treatment of that illustrious victim. Whenever England wants to make war upon, or injure, or annex, some country, she always begins by causing her press to libel most grossly the ruler of the land upon which her jealous and rapacious eye is fixed. The English kings, as a working majority, were the greatest blackguards that ever sat upon a throne, and England cannot afford to throw stones at others while she lives under glass.

Princess Alix of Hesse, having forsaken her Protestant creed, for the sake of a throne, has been, according to Young Nick's proclamation, duly anointed, in order to fit her for membership in the Greek church. Nick intimates, in his message, announcing that he has created his brother George his heir, that he expects a son by Alix, within the proper limit. What a spectacle! Here is a girl who, no doubt, firmly believes in Protestantism, manufactured into a Greek Catholic, in order that she may be qualified to bear an heir to the Russian throne! She, doubtless, has no love for Nick, nor he for her, but they get married for a purpose—a purpose openly and almost indelicately set forth in an imperial proclamation. This, surely, is beastly, and enough to make even Old Nick ashamed of Young Nick and his bride.

The youthful Czar is a gusher. All his state papers, and he has issued several since his father's death, speak of his "dear country" and his "Holy Russia." We hope Nicholas may redeem his house's name by becoming a decent man, now that a great opportunity is placed in his almost boyish hands. Let him give a Constitution to Russia, abolish Siberian exile, educate the people and improve their sanitary condition, and he may become Nicholas the Great, instead of merely Nicholas II. Let him also put a stop to the persecution of the Polish Catholics and the Russian Jews, who suffered so cruelly at the hands of his unlamented father. In a word, let him decline to be a tyrant, and trust to the generosity of the people, and the civilized world may hold his name in honor.

THE GREAT REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

The overwhelming Republican victory achieved throughout the country on Tuesday is, or ought to be, a warning to the Free Trade doctrinaires and Cobden Club theorists of this country that the American people will stand no more of their nonsense, but are in favor of the rational system of protection advocated by the late James G. Blaine, and by such cool and able living Republican leaders as Harrison, Morton and Allison. A vast body of Democrats changed their politics in this election, satisfied that Mr. Wilson's declaration in London, to the effect that his bill was but the beginning of a Free Trade policy, revealed the true inwardness of Democratic designs, which, if successful, would result in the commercial ruin of the country. Blaine's policy—the real Republican policy—was to keep the tariff low on articles which America cannot produce, or hope to produce, and to keep it high on every article which America can produce and manufacture, in order that American wages and American conditions might be preserved. In addition to this, his Reciprocity policy with the Central and South American States, and the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, gave an impetus to our coast trade, and a wider market to our food producers and manufacturers.

This is the policy of Rational Protection, and it is the policy that the majority of the American people will support. Such a policy cannot be described as one of "war taxation." It is purely commonsense doctrine, that the simplest mind in the country can understand. An extreme policy of Protection, which would bar from the American market products or articles that do not come into competion with American labor, would be nearly as unpopular as the crank Free Trade doctrines of Wilson, Watterson, Carlisle and the other Democratic extremists who received their final quietus on the 6th inst. We have failed to notice in the telegrams from England any mention of jubilation in that country over the Republican victory—such as broke forth when Grover Cleveland and a Democratic House and Senate were elected in 1892.

POLITICAL MODESTY IN AUSTRALIA.

A writer in the Sydney (Australia) *Freeman's Journal* finds it necessary to warn the young politicians of that colony against being over-modest—a disease entirely unknown, by the way, in our American politics. This writer is a cynic, but his views are put forward interestingly and instructively. There is, in this country, a prejudice against young senators, or young representatives, who make themselves too conspicuous during their first term of office. Says our Australian friend:

"A contemporary tells of a once very modest but now reformed M. P. who recently said, 'When I was first elected I wondered what the people could see in me to return me to parliament, but when I went to Sydney and saw the other cattle that had been elected I left off wondering and began to grow a bit indignant.' This looks as if it is necessary to warn Young Australia not to under-rate himself, or exhibit any backwardness in coming forward when the time for sacrificing himself as a £300 victim on the altar of his bleeding country arrives. So far as real ability goes one-half of our suckling statesmen, and a majority of the full-grown ones too, wouldn't know much about politics or anything else if they missed their daily papers, and therefore the man who honestly believes that he is not good enough for parliament has either an absurdly high opinion of that institution or a deplorably mean one of himself. A diffident dog never grows fat, and it was a wise man who said, 'My son, blow thine own horn if thou hast one. If thou hast not, blow thy nose—make some kind of a noise in the world at all hazards.'

"Strange to say a great genius like Daniel O'Connell made a similar mistake at the beginning of his political career to that made by the simple senator just referred to. An autograph letter from the immortal Dan to Jeremy Bentham, dated February, 1831, has just been discovered, and discussing his position in the house of commons, it seems O'Connell wrote as follows: 'My first mistake consisted in entertaining a high opinion of the moral worth and intellectual power of the house of commons, and I shaped my course mildly and gently in order to propitiate the opinions of men whom I respected. You have a right to despise rather than pity me for this gross mistake. The consequences are a shipwreck of my parliamentary fame, and the great difficulty I now have to assert a power which perhaps would have been conceded to me had I asserted myself strongly in the first instance.' Mild words are thrown away upon a mule, and with the bitter experience of the great Liberator before me I would earnestly say to every young Australian Don't be too modest; don't fill your head with an idea that parliament is a Pantheon in which all our political gods assemble to be worshipped. Don't be awed into speechless admiration by the austere morality of a Parkes; don't be over-shadowed by the towering intellect of a McCourt. Cultivate audacity, extend the superficial area of your cheek, and register a vow that you will bow to no tyrant, no matter what size he takes in paper collars."

The words of this Australian sage should find a resting place in the mind of every young legislator elected to office in the United States. We have known men who had faced a thousand audiences of the people, and who more than held their own before them, almost stricken dumb when they first essayed to speak in Congress. They could not endure the cold stare of Carlisle, the sly smile of Sunset Cox, the owl like gravity of Holman, the ox-like ponderosity of Frank Hiscock, the cynical grin of Turner, the patent self-complacency of Blount, and the unconquerable indolence of Seaborn Reese. There is no greater delusion in the world than the popular one that the floors of the senate and house of representatives are oratorical arenas, and that all the members hang on the words of their colleagues with breathless interest. On the contrary only a very few favored members—those who have made their mark in some way—are given a respectful hearing, or even an audience. Quite generally, the moment an unknown, or unpopular, member rises to speak, his auditory is reduced to the partisan members from his own State. The others either read newspapers, attend to their correspondence, or vanish to the lobby or the cloak rooms. When the simple constituent reads in the morning papers an account of the "great speech delivered by the Honorable Mr. Blank on the silver question," for instance, he fondly imagines that a full house and packed galleries greeted the utterances of his political idol. Nothing of the kind, good constituent. Your favorite was, most likely, left severely alone, except by an intimate or interested few, and his eloquence first came to the ken of nine-tenths of his colleagues, through the obliging medium of the *Congressional Record*, that crowded catacomb of buried speeches.

Notwithstanding O'Connell's letter to Bentham, he did finally gain an ascendancy over the insolence of the English house of commons, and generally received courteous treatment at the hands of the punch-drinking Tory squires and musty legal Whigs who composed it in his time. Occasionally he was interrupted savagely, and he christened the impolite noises "beastly-bellowings," for which the speaker called on him to apologize. This he did, but naively added, "I never heard of bellowings that were not beastly."

The fact is the committee system and the arbitrary curtailment of debate have irreparably damaged congressional oratory. Men grow absolutely ashamed, or afraid, to be eloquent in a body where dullness and technicality are most appreciated. The old members admire the flight of an oratorical rocket, but always remember that the stick, denuded of its glory, is sure to fall. We are growing less and less oratorical day by day, except "on the stump," where pyrotechnics are still appreciated, especially in the rural districts. It is said that the newspaper has dethroned the orator, and this is, in great part, true. The very greatest orators of our times can be heard by only a few thousand people, while millions may read their remarks in cold type. The days of Grattan, Shiel, Choate, Webster, Clay, Quincy Adams, Roscoe Conkling and Emery Storrs are over. Our speakers have become dull, highly respectable and painfully mediocre. We have scores of talkers, but no orators, in the old and classical acceptation of the term.

BLATHERING BAYARD ROASTED.

That self-sufficient Anglomaniac, Tom Bayard, of Delaware, has been subjected to severe criticism by the *Irish Daily Independent*, because of his ridiculous worship of English government and English customs. Tom is only a type of about half a million other sycophants of the same calibre who, on all possible occasions, disparage their own country and exalt foreign lands. These creatures are mostly descendants of the old Tory element of this land, or else the children of the new rich, like the Astors, who have wasted half their lives in trying to prove descent, no matter on which side of the blanket, from foreign "lords." And these are the very class that raise a cry against "foreigners" in the United States, and seek to impugn their loyalty and devotion to the constitution and laws thereof. Mr. Bayard, himself, does not go that far, because he is a professional Democrat, and a pampered pet of the party which is supposed to be the foster mother of the immigrant, his "protector" against Knownothing aggression and much more to the same effect. If any man worships England more than Tom Bayard, he has not yet manifested himself in America. But let us give to our readers some, at least, of what the *Irish Daily Independent* has to say about him:

"We regret to have to say it, but it is pretty notorious by this time, that among those who most easily fall captive to the smiles and favors of what is called society in England and demean themselves by showering the most fulsome compliments, not only on English 'society,' but on everything English, are some visitors from America. Citizens of, in many respects, the greatest country in the world, the persons to whom we refer might well be supposed to be proof against the fascinations of another country which would, if it could, have strangled their own nation in its birth, and they might certainly be expected at least to refrain from indulging in sycophantic eulogy, which is as unfounded as it is insincere, regarding a people not more virtuous, to say the least, than the mass of Americans. But the reverse is the case, and among the worst specimens of this tribe of transatlantic tuft-hunters is the present ambassador to England, Mr. Bayard. This gentleman, who is at present in America, has just been delivering a speech in his native State of Delaware, the goody-goodiness of which, in the first place, and the absolutely ridiculous extravagance of its praise of things English, in the second place, surpass almost anything in literature. We need not dwell on his remarks on his own mission and work in England. He appears to be quite too good a man for this wicked world, and it would be painful to reflect on his fate if his lot had been cast in a sphere less blessed than the England of his imagination. But we cannot help quoting some of his eulogy of the country and the people before whom, as before a sacred shrine, he has prostrated himself with almost Oriental *abandon*. 'During,' he said, 'a year and a half's residence in England, and most of the time in the city of London, I have never seen a policeman with a baton or a stick in his hand. I have not seen a blow struck by anyone. I have not heard violent language from anyone, and I have not seen an act of violence committed by anyone. It is not only a daily and hourly sight, but it is almost a constant sight in that vast sea of traffic that swarms through the streets of London, like the waves of the sea upon the shore, to see, when the traffic was at its greatest, and when the vehicles are almost piled one upon another, a quiet man in the uniform of a police officer walk into the middle of a great crowd, turn his back upon the vehicles, and hold up his hand. He is the incarnation of the law, and the uplifted hand of that plain policeman is obeyed and respected, and until he lowers it the traffic does not attempt to continue.'

"Think of that! There is, of course, no other city in the world where order is kept in crowded streets by 'the uplifted hand of a plain policeman.' We had, in our ignorance, imagined that it was quite a common experience in almost every civilized community in either hemisphere; and, on the other hand, the English newspapers themselves, which we must suppose Mr. Bayard never to have read, show that, in English cities and towns, and especially in some districts of London, there is often more reckless disregard of law on the part of the poorer classes than in almost any other part of the globe. But this picture of idyllic peace and order in the streets of London, all brought about by the motion of 'an uplifted hand,' is far surpassed in attractiveness by that of the English home. 'I have never,' said this truthful observant, and discriminating observer, passed the night in any house in which that household did not kneel every morning in common prayer to the Ruler of the World.' And so on.

"Here, again one would imagine that offering up daily prayers to the Almighty was no uncommon occurrence in Christian families in every country; but it appears now that it is an English specialty, and it is greatly to be feared that it is only in England also that oaths and other objectionable expressions are never heard. And Mr. Bayard says all this, especially of London, for it is there he has chiefly lived since he became 'ambassador to the court of St. James'—of London which boasts more dens of immorality than almst any other city in the world, and which gives birth to scores of newspapers and other publications unfit to be read by any decent people of any faith! We strongly suspect that this Mr. Bayard has lived in England with 'the Nonconformist Conscience.' His cant, his hypocrisy, and his exaggeration could scarcely have been evolved under any other conditions. We certainly do not mean to deny that the English people are destitute of good qualities. They have their share of them, and we are free to admit that in some respects they are even deserving of imitation; but to paint them as angels on earth is simply degrading in a person like Mr. Bayard, and to their credit be it said, even their own newspapers have not hesitated to repudiate Mr. Bayard's partial and exaggerated description. The worst of it is that Mr. Bayard, because of the position he holds, degrades not only himself, but his country by his almost unparalleled exhibition of sycophancy and self-abasement. The Americans will secure neither respect nor fear at the hands of Englishmen while they are represented in London by such tufthunters, and the sooner they realize that fact and act upon it the better for themselves, if not for England also."

RESULT IN COOK.

Following are the results of the election in Cook county, as canvassed from all the available police returns, the figures showing the following pluralities for the Republican ticket:

Henry Wulff, County Treasurer	53,216
S. M. Englis, Superintendent Instruction	36,479
Lucy L. Flower, University Trustee	49,739
Alex. McLean, University Trustee	55,914
S. A. Bullard, University Trustee	50,359
O. N. Carter, County Judge	44,735
C. C. Kohlsaat, Judge Probate Court	55,434
James Pease, Sheriff	27,915
D. H. Kochersperger, Treasurer	36,120
Philip Knopf, County Clerk	42,317
A. O. Cooper, Clerk Probate Court	41,377
E. J. Magerstadt, Clerk Criminal Court	36,160
O. T. Bright, Supt. Schools	43,072

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—CITY.

D. D. Healy, President County Commissioners	39,645
C. Burmeister	33,185
John A. Linn	33,401
T. J. McNichols	32,570
G. W. Kuntsman	31,616
Louis H. Mack	32,046
John W. Cunning	31,714
David Martin	32,555
T. W. Jones	32,234
John Ritter	32,900

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—COUNTRY.

George Struckman	6,081
Oscar D. Allen	5,843
Henry J. Beer	5,908
James M. Munn	6,088
George D. Unold	6,064

LOCAL CONGRESSIONAL RESULT.

Following is the result of Tuesday's election in the local congressional districts:

FIRST.

Aldrich, R.	30,805
Dembufsky, D.	11,715
Taylor, Peo.	5,154
Plurality	19,090

Eight precincts and ten county districts missing.

SECOND.

Lorimer, R.	19,794
Hannahan, D.	15,683
White, Peo.	7,866
Plurality	4,111

Eleven precincts missing.

THIRD.

Belknap, R.	14,674
McGann, D.	14,498
Clark, Peo.	8,712
Plurality	176

Six precincts missing.

FOURTH.

Woodman, R.	13,089
Lawler, Ind. D.	8,600
Ryan, D.	8,088
Plurality	4,489

Eight precincts missing.

FIFTH.

White, R.	18,563
Noonan, D.	14,808
Plurality	3,755

One precinct missing.

SIXTH.

Cooke, R.	16,144
Goldzier, D.	14,327
Plurality	1,817

Seven precincts missing.

SEVENTH.

Foss, R.	20,175
Jackson, D.	9,894
Lloyd, Peo	5,783
Plurality	10,281

Eight precincts missing.

WILSON'S English dinner disagreed with West Virginia's stomach.

LORIMER "got there" in spite of stabs from alleged Republican newspapers.

A GENERAL meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and South Halsted streets, on Monday evening, Nov. 12. A literary and musical programme will be given. Among the speakers will be Mr. William Dillon. All interested in the cause are invited.

WHERE is Hill?

TANNER is a good craftsman. "There's nothing like leather"—when you want to boot the other fellow.

SPEAKING in New York before election, ex-President Benjamin Harrison said: "I think that the great masses of every political creed and of every religion are patriotic lovers of their country, and that according to their lights they are willing to serve."

ARE you there King Tammany?

FRANK SCALES remembers how, when a school boy, he used to recite "On Linden When the Sun was Low." The last lines are peculiarly appropriate just now:

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be our winding street
And every sod beneath our feet
A Bourbon's sepulchre.

MRS. FRANK BYRNE, wife of one of the men concerned in the Phœnix Park Cavendish-Bourke tragedy in May, 1882, died in New York on Monday of paralysis. The husband died of consumption last February. Mrs. Byrne was an intense Irish Nationalist, and possessed the stuff of which heroines are made. Had opportunity offered, she would have made a name for daring and for genius in an Irish war of liberation. She hated England and feared nothing. These virtues she carried with her to the grave. May the brave, good soul rest in peace!

SOMETHING dropped!

SMYTH hammered the anvil to good purpose in the Cook county forge. Sparks flew in all directions, and made the Democrats see stars.

SAVE the pieces!

CHARLEY WOODMAN is an old navigator. He steered successfully between the Scylla of Ryan and the Charybdis of Lawler, not to speak of the Miniter Shoals.

THE Hon. George R. Davis is announced as a candidate for the United States Senate, and his headquarters have been opened at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Colonel Davis, whose brilliant director generalship of the World's Fair, together with his able services in Congress, have made his name universally known and respected, is a most formidable contestant, and, if we can judge the future by the past, will win the elevated position he seeks. Illinois and Chicago would find in him a champion worthy of their merits.

WHEN Carter ascends the County bench, Justice will drop her Scales and give Orrin a real, good old fashioned hug.

P. V. FITZPATRICK will look well in the Senatorial toga.

THE new State Legislature, both Senate and House, will have a good Republican majority. This insures the election of a United States Senator. Where is the "scholar in politics?"

HON. WILLIAM LORIMER had a triumph in the Second Congressional District, his plurality reaching 4,111. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Mr. Lorimer.

SOME unknown person exploded a bomb in a fashionable London street one night last week. Because the missile went off within half a dozen doors of where a secretary to Home Secretary Asquith lives, the English say the Irish did it! Fine logic. It reminds us of the fool in Ireland, who, seeing a fly perched on his brother's head, while they were digging potatoes, hit at the insect with his spade, missed the fly and killed his brother. Asquith is a fly in about the same position, and the Irishman who would seek to kill him while he has the political prisoners in his power, would be in the position of the fool. The fly would fly away unharmed. The prisoners would remain where they are.

TAMMANY is "done up."

WEST VIRGINIA, Delaware, Tennessee and Missouri have gone Republican, together with every Northern State. The "Solid South" is a thing of the past.

UNCLE SAM won't stand English feasts and American famines.

MR. FRANCIS AGNEW, although beaten with the rest of his ticket, more than held his own in the fight, running ahead of several of his colleagues.

A FEW days ago, at a meeting of the New Ross, county Wexford, board of guardians, a motion was brought forward by the vice-chairman, Mr. Doyle, that the board should advise the coming National Federation convention to dispense with the services of Messrs. T. Healy and Peter Ffrench, who are paid £300 a year each, and issue advertisements for two competent men to fill the positions at a salary of 30 s a week. Up to the present, he said, the £300 was thrown away, as the members did nothing beyond helping to pass English measures; but if they were paid by results they would be more energetic in doing the country's work and securing Irish measures. He had no doubt but that several candidates would be looking for the job at the salary named, and he would be for handing over the balance of the £300 for the evicted tenants, instead of spending it on the men who were doing nothing but running after Sir William Harcourt through the lobbies. The chairman, Mr. Kennedy, and another guardian agreed to the proposal, but several guardians opposed it. Eventually the motion was adjourned.

WILSON is down.

LEVI P. MORTON'S majority over David B. Hill for governor of New York, has reached 152,326.

HON. P. V. FITZPATRICK got to the State Senate by a very handsome plurality from the First District. THE CITIZEN congratulates him most cordially.

HON. CHARLES W. WOODMAN made a great race in the Fourth Congressional District. His plurality reaches 4,489.

A REPORT of the criminal and judicial statistics of Ireland for the year 1893 has been issued, according to the *Times* of Wednesday, as a Blue-book. It shows that the total number of indictable offences not disposed of summarily during the year was 5394, a decrease of 836 on the average of the last ten years. This ought to convince even the *Times* that Ireland and her people can well afford to go without Mr. Balfour's perpetual Coercian act.—*English Exchange.*

A. O. H. IN DIXON.

Invite Their Friends to Meet With Them on Sunday, Oct. 28.

Addressed By State President John T Keating On the History of the Order.

On Sunday, Oct. 28, the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Dixon, Ill., invited their friends to assemble in their hall and listen to what State President John T. Keating had to say for the Order. At 3 o'clock Messrs. Cahill, Weldon and O'Shea escorted the visitor to the platform, and in response to the earnest invitation of the chair the State President related the history of the Order. Close attention was given the chief State officer, and considerable surprise expressed that efforts were not made to make the young men of our race better acquainted with the merits of the A. O. H. At the conclusion of President Keating's address a large number of applications for membership were handed in and presented at the Division meeting which followed the open gathering.

The State President was much encouraged by the intelligent interest of the young men present, who crowded around the platform with many questions as to future membership, and he says neighboring counties will have healthy rivalry from Lee county, which will compel some, long in the order, to look well to their laurels lest the younger organization outstrips them in the race. At the Division meeting later in the evening, nine candidates were initiated and a very pleasant hour spent in entertainment of the visitors. Prominent among the Hibernians were Messrs. Weldon, Cahill, Sr., Cahill, Jr., Wood, Lonergan, Shea, Grealis, Malony and Col. Hanlon, who, with Bro. Shea, of Grand Rapids, Mich., related very interesting experiences in society matters. State President John T. Keating waited on the kind and genial pastor, the Rev. Father Foley, and found in him an old friend of the A. O. H. The State officer laid the claims of the A. O. H. before the worthy clergyman, and they were received in a manner gratifying to the representative of the order. The organization of the A. O. H. in Dixon will be earnestly pushed and its interests cared for by as bright a gathering of young Irish-Americans as ever worked for the cause of faith and motherland.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Cook county has completed its preliminary organization of a division under the auspices of Division No. 8. Those young men on the North Side are hustlers of the first water. Not satisfied with having the largest division and the best attended re-unions, they must now claim priority for instituting the first Ladies' Auxiliary, and tell you to come to their ball on Nov. 10 to see the result of ladies' management in what promises to be the finest entertainment of the season. Some of our brothers on the South and West Sides should pay Division 8 a visit and apply for inoculation with some of the vim of the members who work under my friend, Brother O'Sullivan.

I presume before now most of our members have been informed that Rev. Father Michael O'Sullivan is about to leave us for Lemont. The news will cause unfeigned regret among the friends and well-wishers of the good priest. Since his arrival in the parish of the Holy Nativity, Father O'Sullivan has always proved himself an earnest, ardent worker for unity among the members of Irish societies, and in the case of the Hibernians his work has been crowned with much success. His untiring efforts have endeared him to all who love the old land and the old flag. Without hope of reward, except that of a satisfied conscience, he has labored persistently to impress on Hibernians that the future of their order and people depended on harmony and unity. That existence of schism and the principles of our motto were ever in conflict, and that the former must be obliterated to assist in living up to professions of the latter. His noble efforts are crowned with almost complete success, and today the improved condition and standing of the A. O. H. in Cook county is almost entirely due to his devotion to the cause of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity. To Father O'Sullivan will go out the deep gratitude the Celt feels for those who have given to his race and land a helping hand. To him also will turn in keen regret every man who has been associated with him in his work of raising the A. O. H. from the weak struggling condition it was four years ago into its present healthy organization. They know best the obstacles which were overcome, the difficulties smoothed over, the differences healed up in the task the soggarth took on himself to perform, and they will ever remember the kindly patience and good judgement displayed by him who was indeed a friend in need.

He will be missed from the division meeting, where his sound advice was ever welcomed, he will be more missed by the officers and members of the County Board, where his words ever found eager listeners and his counsel was esteemed and looked for. It is a loss to lose the aid of so kind a friend, so good a priest, so able a leader. His place will not be easily filled, and many an Irish heart will be heavy when it realizes that Father O'Sullivan will not be present this winter at our meetings to cheer and encourage as he did so often in the past.

SHAUN.

A PROTESTANT EDITOR ON CATHOLIC NUNS.

Says the editor of the San Francisco *Star*, himself a prominent Protestant, answering the unmanly attacks of certain Protestant clergymen of that city, on the Sisters of Charity:

"Their holy calling will not permit them to resent the base attack upon their honor, which the human monstrosity who penned it, and whom it were basest flattery to term a coward,' well know. But if they have fathers, brothers or friends, they should 'lash the scoundrel naked through the streets.' Look at the faces of the noble women called "Sisters of Mercy,' all aglow with innocence, peace and love, and picture, if you can, the blackness blacker than hell of the heart of him who, claiming to be an American, a man, or even a human being, could so traduce women, who knowing there is work for willing hands to do, voluntarily give up the joys and pleasures of the world, and become earth's angels by their unselfish devotion to humanity. On the battlefield, tenderly ministering to the wounded; in the midst of pestilence from which even the bravest fly; by the side of the leper, loathsome even to himself and shunned by all others, these gentle souls are to be found and fear not. To be by the bedside of the sick, giving comfort and hope; in the damp basement and cold garret relieving misery and want; to give light to the ignorant and joy to the despairing; to seek places where the merely 'righteous' may not go, and be not ashamed to take the erring ones by the hand and kneel with them in prayer; to visit the condemned and friendless wretch in his prison cell, and, by kind words and deeds, inspire him with the love of God, and give him that peace of mind 'which passeth all understanding'; all these things, and many more, are the daily duties of these Sisters of Mercy, who worship at the Catholic shrine, but whose creed—to do good—embraces all the world, and is as broad as the universe itself."

PHILIP A. HOYNE.

Mr. Philip A. Hoyne, United States Commissioner in this city since 1853, died at his residence, No. 3211 Rhodes avenue, on Saturday of last week, in the 70th year of his age. He was a native of New York, and was born in 1824. His father and mother were Irish, and belonged to old Catholic families in the county Kilkenny. There were three brothers, Thomas, Michael and Philip, and one sister. Thomas was the first of the family who settled in Chicago. He rose to eminence as a lawyer, and was elected to the office of mayor, but was beaten on a technicality. He was killed in a railroad accident in 1883, and, in pursuance of his last will and testament, was buried with the rites of the holy Roman Catholic church. Michael, who was a prosperous merchant, died a few years ago.

Philip A. Hoyne was an amiable, attractive man, but was easy-going, both as a politician and a patriot. Changes of administration never bothered him, and he was just as happy when the Democrats were in as when the Republicans wielded the wand of power, and vice versa. Everybody liked Phil Hoyne personally, for he had a kindly word and a genial smile for all men. The death of his wife, an exemplary Catholic lady, which occurred last spring, greatly shocked the bereaved husband, and, no doubt, hastened his death. Mr. Hoyne's health had not been good for some months, and he recently went to West Baden, Ind., in the hope of improving it. Instead, he grew worse and had to return to his home, where death ended his sufferings.

The funeral occurred on Monday, from the First Baptist church, where the Rev. Dr. P.S. Henson conducted the exercises. The honorary pallbearers, who met at the residence at 9:30, included John F. Blackburn, John Summerfield, William K. Sullivan, Chester A. Dowes, Joseph A. Eagle, Judge Richard S. Tuthill, J. S. Grinnell, W. S. Ewing, Egbert Jamieson, Martin Howard, John J. McGrath, Thomas A. Milchrist, John W. Arnold, John R. Hitt, George Schneider and L. O. Gilman. There was no service at the house, the funeral procession, consisting of the pallbearers and members of the family, in carriages, reaching the church shortly after 10 o'clock. The black broadcloth coffin, preceded by a double line of pallbearers, was borne into the curch laden with white chrysanthemums and other flowers, while Mendelssohn's funeral march was played on the organ by Mr. C. A. Havens. The choir of the church sang "There Is Resting By and Bye," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "There Is a Beautiful Shore." As the coffin was borne out Guilman's funeral march was played. In the rear of the auditorium sat Hip Lung, Sam Moy, Charlie Kee and other Chinese. There were present many government officials as well as members of the bar association and the detective force. "Philip Hoyne's life was a public one," said Dr. Henson in his address, "and it proved that it is possible to be upright and successful. No uncleanness stained his judicial hand. There are those who carry about them such an atmosphere that when you have communed with them you come to think better of humanity. Mr. Hoyne's home life was beautiful. Fondly as he prized his bride he loved his dear old wife, and when she was gone the light faded from his life and now he is asleep beside her."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The production of the great emotional and historical drama, "Charlotte Corday," now running at the Schiller theatre, by Mrs. Potter, Kyrle Bellew and their accomplished dramatic company, has resulted in a popular hit. That it would achieve an unusual, and indeed, a signal success was anticipated by those familiar with the rare and genius personal beauty of Cora Urquhart Potter; while Kyrle Bellew, in impressive and finished dramatic illustration never disappoints. "Charlotte Corday" is a great subject—strong in its supremely human, even tender interest, and developed upon a plane of exalted sentiment. The unhappy life of the beautiful and unfortunate heroine of the French Reign of Terror, patriotically devoted as she was to her distracted country, even to the sacrifice of her life upon the guilliotine, to preserve its liberties, furnishes the beautiful and accomplished representative American actress, Mrs. Potter, with an inspiring theme—a supremely fascinating dramatic figure. Kyrie Bellew, who plays the tyrant Jean Paul Marat, the most brutal of all those tyrants who plunged France into the bloodiest epoch of her revolution, makes of the character a marvellously complex and realistic creation, a despotic tyrant yet abject coward. "Charlotte Corday" is a drama which for intense interest and effective dramatic illustration is remarkable. It is a realistic stage picture the like of which is seldom seen, indeed rarely equalled.

That popular actor of the romantic school, Mr. Robert Mantell, supported by his own company, will on Sunday, Nov. 18, commence an engagement for one week at the Schiller. He will be seen in repertory of his strongest and most attractive plays, "Monbars," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Marble Heart," and a new play, "Paxrhasius," in which he has recently made an immense success.

MR. M. J. MURPHY.

Mr. M. J. Murphy, the famous literary writer and renderer of operatic and lyrical music, is in the city this week en route to Springfield and Decatur, Ill., where he will assist Mr. Finerty in the lecture on "The Story and Songs of Ireland," on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week.

Mr. Murphy is a representative type of the Irish Celt; possessed of a magnificent physique and military carriage, he would seem to be the true descendant of that giant race of warriors who once formed the militia of Ireland. In many ways he has proven himself worthy of his ancestors. The bardic strain of the old race is shown in his musical genius, and in his skill as a writer. He is the author of innumerable sketches and stories, mainly dealing with Irish life and ancient legends, which have had a wide circulation among our most prominent papers. The greatest work of his, however, is the compilation of a volume of the famous old Irish songs which

have been almost forgotten, and now that he has resurrected them, have attracted the attention, not only of the Irish people, but of lovers of music in general. Nothing of greater interest and value could have been done by Mr. Murphy than collecting and presenting in their original shape the songs and ballads of Ireland. There is in these too little known outpourings of the over-burdened Irish heart, a reflection of the whole character and experience of a nation: a sadness and a note of pathos pervade them and a directness, a freshness and an originality that give them a distinctive place in the folk-song of the world. And no one is more competent to sing them than Mr. Murphy. He feels and knows their import through his heritage as an Irishman, his artistic instinct is exquisite and his vocal gifts are of the rarest. His singing of them is marked by a fervor, a dignity and a simplicity that impart to it the highest value in an artistic point of view, for it is always in the completest accord with their spirit, and entirely free from any of the mannerisms of the regular concert artist, which would be so completely out of place in this connection.

Mr. Murphy received his education in New York public schools, and having a decided talent for music made a serious study of the art under some of the best teachers in the metropolis. He sang in concerts for some time and then went to Europe where he completed his musical education in the great schools of Italy and Germany. He has sung in both grand and light operas, his magnificent baritone voice fitting him for the heavier dramatic roles especially. Not finding the operatic career, which he desired, open for him in this country, he turned his attention to the management of theatrical companies and has for some years past filled some of the most prominent and best paying positions.

Mr. Murphy loves his art and prefers to sing rather than do anything else. He has an immense repertoire, being "up" in eighty-five operas and over two thousand ballads and songs of all nations. English is not the only language of his song; he speaks several of the European tongues and is an enthusiastic lover of the Gaelic, in which language he is an excellent scholar and in which he corresponds with several famous men in different parts of the world, one of whom is the celebrated antiquarian, Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Dublin Gaelic Union and of the Irish National Literary Society of Dublin.

Misery After Meals.

The oppressive embargoes levied upon the inner man by his inveterate enemy, dyspepsia, after meals, are lifted and the yoke cast off by that sovereign medicinal liberator from bodily ailments, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heartburn, flatulence, oppression at the pit of the stomach, the presence of bile where it does not belong, are alike remedied by this potent reformer of a disordered condition of the gastric organ and the liver. It is the prince of tonics and stomachics, invigorating at the same time that it remedies. Both appetite and sleep are improved by it. A wineglass before or after meals, and before retiring, will be found an efficient restorative of the ability to digest and assimilate and to rest tranquilly. Use it for malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble and for constipation. For the aged and infirm it is highly beneficial.

What $16.00 Will Do.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 605 Western Union building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ASHAMED OF THE IRISH "O."

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

[The Dublin *Evening Herald* of Saturday, Oct. 13, 1894, says: "A curious incident occurred at the parliamentary revision court a few days since. An elector named O'Neill applied through one of the party agents to have the 'O' taken out of his name as he wished to be known as Neill. The revising barrister on examination of the requisition paper, which gave the name O'Neill declined to make the change. It is almost superfluous to state that the applicant was a Federationist and that the unpatriotic request was made by the Whig agent. Centuries ago the English passed laws to prevent us from using the prefixes 'Mac' or 'O,' hoping thereby to denationalize the Gaelic people of Ireland. Today the work that the penal laws failed to accomplish is being performed by the Union of Hearts and the 'Irish National Federation.']

Ashamed of the name his sires bore!
What a mongrel Irishman,
To hate the name that in days of yore
Led many a Celtic clan
To Freedom's field in the hour of need;
Sure he must be a native foe
And alien alike to land and creed
Who's ashamed of the Irish "O."

But does he forget the dreadful past,
When faithful friends were few,
When murder rode the midnight blast,
When the gallant and the true
Were hunted down like beasts of prey
And crushed by savage blows,
The men who armed for the fray
Were the Irish "Macs" and "Os?"

When English Henry to our shore
Came with his pirate train,
And deluged our green Isle with gore,
When monuments of slain
Marked his progress through the land
Who but an Irish "O"
Raised aloft the "Bloody Hand"
And marched to meet Strongbow?

When Essex and his armored host
Were sent by "Good Queen Bess"
To desolate our Irish coast
In sad and sore distress,
They found themselves when Ulster rose
Girt round with gleaming steel
And swept like lightning on her foes
Led by brave Hugh O'Neill.

When Bagenal and his bold array
Of veterans true and tried,
At the dawn of a summer's day
Rode by Blackwater's side
To meet the Irish enemy,
Who flashed the vengeful sword
For Ireland and for liberty
At the bloody Yellow Ford?

When Cromwell the base regicide
To plunder Ireland came,
When from Barrow's banks to Shannon's tide
A track of blood and flame
Marked the murderer's advance,
When the sky was dark with woe,
Who roused the brave from slavery's trance,
Who did? Bold Owen Roe.

Who humbled England's martial pride
On many a gory field,
Who flung her titles in the tide
And with flashing sword and shield
Stood upon his native heath
Fenced round by Ulster steel,
The green above and the red beneath?
'Twas warlike Shane O'Neill.

The battle-flag of Ulster waved
O'er a hundred gory plains,
The storms of centuries it braved,
'Twas bound by Saxon chains;
But oft as it was fettered down
A brave O'Neill arose,
For Erin's throne and Erin's crown
And marched against her foes.

Foremost when the bugle-call
Resounded through the land
For Freedom's sake to stand or fall
Beneath the Red Right Hand.
The might of England they defied,
But now false hearts disown
The gallant men who fought and died
On the green hills of Tyrone.

When tyranny o'er Erin's Isle
Hung like a crimson cloud
When native traitors base and vile
Prepared a gory shroud
For those who on the felon's track
With fearless footsteps trod,
'Twas the sword of an Irish "O" or "Mac"
That flashed for the dear old sod.

But Clontarf, Benburb and Oulart Hill,
Must now forgotten be,
And the Celtic "O" at the powerful will
Of deceitful Whiggery,
Into oblivion must disappear
To make way for a Saxon name.
Our proud O'Neill is no longer dear
And to bear it is now a shame.

By fair Blackwater's regal tide
And beside the winding Bann
The men of Ulster proudly died
In Freedom's battle van.
They fought beside the great O'Neill
The gallant, princely Hugh,
And many a Saxon heart did quail
At their fierce "Lamh Derg Aboo."

But do we hold our honor dear,
And do we love liberty,
And shall we allow to disappear
At the mandate of Whiggery,
The glorious names of the men who fell
Before the pirate foe,
The gallant hearts who loved Erin well
And struck for her cause a blow?

—CARLOW, Oct. 27, 1894.

LITERARY.

Warfare with Snowballs.

Prof. W. M. Sloane tells many interesting anecdotes of the school days of Napoleon in his new Life of the Little Corporal, begun in the November number of the *Century*. Writing of the time when Napoleon was at Brienne, Prof. Sloane says: Each of the hundred and fifty pupils had a small garden spot assigned to him. Bonaparte developed a passion for his own, and, annexing by force the neglected plots of his two neighbors, created for himself a retreat, the solitude of which was insured by a thick and lofty hedge planted about it. To this citadel, the sanctity of which he protected with a fury at times half insane, he was wont to retire in the fair weather of all seasons with whatever books he could secure. In the companionship of these he passed happy, pleasant and fruitful hours. His youthful patriotism had been intensified by the hatred he now felt for French schoolboys, and through them for France.

"I can never forgive my father," he once cried, "for the share he had in uniting Corsica to France." Paoli became his hero, and the favorite subjects of his reading were the mighty deeds of men and peoples, especially in antiquity. Such matter he found abundant in Plutarch's "Lives." Moreover, his degradation by the school authorities at once created a favorable sentiment among his companions, which not only counteracted the effect of the punishment, but gave him a sort of compensating leadership in their games.

The well-known episode of the snow-forts illustrates the bent of his nature. When driven by storms to abandon his garden haunt, and to associate in the public hall with the other boys, he often instituted sports in which opposing camps of Greeks and Persians, or of Romans and Carthaginians, fought until the uproar brought down the authorities to end the conflict. On one occasion he proposed the sport, common enough elsewhere, but not so familiar then in France, of building snow-forts, or storming and defending them, and of fighting with snowballs as weapons. The proposition was accepted, and the preparations were made under his direction with scientific zeal; the entrenchments, forts, bastions, and redoubts were the admiration of the neighborhood. For weeks the mimic warfare went on, Bonaparte, always in command, being sometimes the besieger and as often the besieged. Such was the aptitude, such the resources, and such the commanding power which he showed in either role that the winter was always remembered in the annals of the school.

Bryant's Place in Literature.

Bryant's place in the history of American literature is easy to declare: He was a pioneer and leader. He was the earliest poet of nature as it is here in the United States, seeing it freshly for himself, and not repeating at second hand what British poets had been saying about nature as it is in the British Isles. The love he bore to nature, like the love he had for his country, was almost a passion. His verse is stately and reserved. There is a lack of lightness in Bryant's poetry—perhaps even a lack of ease. Yet there is a lyric swing to the "Song of Marion's Men" and a singing quality in "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." He had a grand simplicity of style, and there is a stern and determined vigor in certain of his stanzas. Take the famous quatrain from "The Battlefield," for example—

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers:
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshipers.

He lived a noble life, and he remains an example to all men of letters. He did nothing base or mean in literature or in life, nothing small, nothing unworthy of a poet. His hatred of shams and gauds kept his verse simple and clear—undefiled by jingling conceits or petty prettinesses: it is sustained nearly always at the same high level. And his poetry attained as lofty an elevation in his youth as in his age. "Thanatopsis" was written when he was young, and the "Flood of Years" whe he was old; and the thought is as deep in the first poem as in the second, and the expression is as free and as noble. It is said that an old young man makes a young old man. It was true of Bryant as a poet; he was mature very early in life and he kept his youth to the end.—*Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas for November.*

"The Century."

The Century for November signalizes the opening of its twenty-fifth year by the beginning of one of its most important enterprises, the Life of Napoleon, by William M. Sloane, Professor of History at Princeton College. It is believed that the time has come to make a new and unprejudiced review of the facts of Napoleon's life in the light of the documents now accessible and the memoirs of which the last twenty years have been so prolific. The first chapters deal with Napoleon's childhood and youth, including the Corsican period and his school days in France, and in this period the history has the value of a unique fulness. Much care has been bestowed in the selection of illustrations from the large amount of accessible material, and the installment is rich in portraits, in pictures of places and in carefully drawn views of typical scenes in Napoleon's life. Among the illustrations are a hitherto unpublished portrait of Napoleon at 16, drawn by a school-fellow, and a facsimile of the last page of his exercise book at school, containing a curious reference to St. Helena. The frontispiece of the magazine is an engraving of Greuze's portrait of Bonaparte as lieutenant of artillery. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner contributes an article on Prof. Sloane and his work. Miss Rose Hawthorne Lathrop contributes to the number a series of letters by her father and mother, Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, and by Herman Melville and others, which set forth incidents of the life of the Hawthornes in Lenox, with the embellishment of a hitherto unengraved portrait of Hawthorne made from life by Leutze. Apropos of the war in the East there is an illustrated article on the City of Canton by Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., setting forth how the Chinese live and work. It was at Canton, it will be remembered, that a thousand lives were recently lost by a fire among the flower-boats on the river.

"Home and Country" Magazine.

Among the illustrated articles in *Home and Country*, Corporal James Tanner, editor, for November (Thanksgiving number) are two which are particularly appropriate and seasonable. In "The Romance of a Fool," by Roger Donaldson, and "My Grumpy Uncle," by George Cable, the student as also the connoisseur in art and poetry, will find much to interest them. Also illustrated and entertainingly told are "A Trip Through India," by Alphonse Mouset; "Woman's Life in Western Wilds," by Ella L. Guptill; "Among the Moslems," by Rev. Patrick Thomas Hughes; "The Noblest of Weeds," by Percival Lydall; and "The Ice of the Ocean," by Prof. Thompson T. Lawson. Published by Joseph W. Kay, No. 53 East Tenth street, New York. Subscription reduced to $1.50 a year.

GAELIC POETRY.

Laethe M'Olge.

(Le Domhnall O'Loingseadh.)

Ceud slán leis na laethibh do chaithfeas go h-aonach
Ag iasgacht, ag pléireachd, 's ag dírneacht na m-bó;
Ag ringce go maithrach le flor-bhruicneall craebhach,
I g-Cathair na sliabh fhear air aonach fad ó:
Ba ró-bheag, dar mó,
Chum aontaighidh mo ghnó,
Achd beidh ag an dige croidhe endtrom go deó.

Gach maoch mhaidin glégeal air dirighe na gréine,
S an dréchd 'na gheal bhreontaibh mar chriostal air bhláth;
Do b'fhoinmhar do léighinn féin comhrac na Féinne,
Selig Loch' Léine, no treun-chath Fionn-Traigh'
Ba sultmhar gach lá,
Deoin' aosta 's sean-mhna,
Ag éisteacht le sgeultaibh na Féinne 'gá ráth.

Ba croidheamhail meas sléata mo chidhtal go d-tí an lán-mhuir,
I g-cuideachta ghrádhmhar ag triall chum bádsoéil:
An ghaoth 'nna bhog ghéla d'fir saoladh ó'n fird sheir,
A's dráin bhinn' dluíma d'á g-cumadh 'measg seoil.
Dob' aoibhinn guth beoil
Ar bh-fear os ceann dil,
I bh-fior teanga lán-mhilis na n-dánta bhog ródhamhail.

*Cathair Sibhin, i g-condae Chiarruidhe.

IRISH NEWS.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS O'GORMAN, LIMERICK.

The remains of Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, late President of the Limerick Amnesty Association, were interred on the 3d inst., at Mount St. Lawrence cemetery. The funeral, which was large and representative, was joined in by all classes and creeds, and representatives of every shade of politics. Owing to the expressed wish of deceased's wife there were no bands present, but the bandsmen marched in the funeral procession. The mayor and members of the corporation, attended by the mayoral officers, were in attendance. All along the route there were evidences of the deep sorrow which the death of the deceased patriot had occasioned, and regretful murmurs were heard from the knots of people congregated at different points of the route. There was no funeral oration delivered, also in compliance with Mrs. O'Gorman's wishes.

COUNTY SLIGO EVICTIONS.

Four families were evicted a few days ago in the Keash district. They were tenants of Lieut. William Phibbs, and owed from four to five years' rent. Their names are Bartly Scanlon, Carrowreagh; D. D. Regan and Margaret McDonagh, Derrenaskeagh, and James Langton, Tullyboy. The scenes at the evictions are described as most heartrending, and the tenants are miserably poor. The evictions were carried out by Mr. Alexander, his clerk, Mr. Mahon, and his bailiff, Michael Breheny, escorted by eight policemen. Three other tenants managed to settle in time with the sheriff to avert the fate of being thrown out homeless.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year, than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

AN IRISH LINNET.

When Carroll asked Kate for her heart and a hand
That controwled just a hundred good acres of land,
Her lovely brown eyes
Went wild with surprise,
And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy demand:
"Young Carroll Maginn,
Put the beard to your chin
And the change in your purse if a wife you would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow,
And off to the diggin's lampooned from the plow
Till, the beard finely grown
And the pockets full blown,
Says he, "Maybe Kate might be kind to me now!"
So home my lad came,
Colonel Carty by name,
To try a fresh fling at his cruel ould flame.

But when Colonel Carty in splendor steps in,
For all his grand airs and great beard to his chin,
"Och, lave me alone!"
Cried Kate, with a groan,
"For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll Maginn."
"Hush sobbin this minute,
'Tis Carroll that's in it!
I've caged you at last, thin, my wild little linnet."

—London Spectator.

MY STEPMOTHER.

My story is not one of yesterday. It is a reminiscence of long ago, when I was a lad of 11 years. My father was a doctor, and we lived in an old fashioned house in the Hampstead road, where his consulting rooms and dispensary were also situated.

It was in July, and the school at which I was a day pupil—the institution would now probably be called an "academy for young gentlemen"—was on the point of breaking up for the autumn holidays. One day during the morning recreation I had a boyish dispute with a schoolfellow, whose true name was Joseph Cornish, but to whom we had given the nickname of Ginger in consequence of the light carroty color of his hair.

Ginger was a morose, cross grained boy, heartily disliked by the whole school for his hangdog looks and sulky temper. I have forgotten the cause of my quarrel with him on the occasion to which I refer, but I remember that we speedily came to blows, and after a short, sharp tussle I sent him sprawling on the ground, to the undisguised delight of the onlookers, who shouted: "Bray-vo, little Carboy! Serve him right!" Ginger gathered himself up, shook his red mane and scowled at me threateningly.

"Never mind, Carboy," he snarled. "You have thrashed me, I own, but it won't be long before you get a bigger hiding yourself, mark that!"

"Not from you, you coward!" I retorted defiantly.

"Oh, no, not from me. Oh, dear, no," he sneered. "But from your stepmother. You'll soon have one, Carboy, and then, my eye, won't you get thumped!"

"A stepmother! I'm going to have a stepmother!" The bare idea of such a thing struck me so exquisitely droll that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, you laugh now," said Ginger disdainfully. "Wait awhile, that's all. You'll see. Your father is going to get married again. I know what I'm talking about, I do! And then you'll have a stepmother, the same as me. She'll give you beans, like mine does me. What a jolly lark!" And his ugly, freckled face expanded into a fiendish grin which made him look, if possible, uglier than ever.

His jeers would infallibly have cost him another drubbing, but just at that moment the school bell rang and frustrated my bellicose intentions.

I firmly made up my mind to think no more of Ginger's taunting words, but in spite of all my efforts to blot this sneering prophesy from my memory the dismal vision he had so malignantly conjured up still clung to me. Everywhere, sleeping or waking, at my lessons and in my leisure moments, at home or at school, that one horrible word, stepmother, was always before my eyes. At last, completely dominated by the grewsome spell, I found myself irresistibly impelled to write on my slate, on the fly leaves of my books, on the white mantelpiece in my little room, inside the chest of carpenter's tools my godmother had given me for my last birthday, on the gummed medicine labels I furtively took from my father's surgery and stuck on disused blue bottles marked "poison"—everywhere "Stepmother!"

Then suddenly, as if to confirm the prognostication of the diabolical Ginger, I noticed certain occurrences which appeared to my jaundiced observation alarmingly suspicious. For some days past an extraordinary and altogether unusual stir was going on under my good father's roof. In the first place, several rooms were now opened for the first time since my mother's death three years previously. Margaret, our faithful old servant, who had lived in my father's family long before his marriage, was plunged in a fever of excitement from morning till night. With her cap stuck on the side of her head she rushed up and down stairs 20 times a day, turning out cupboards, taking down curtains, pulling up carpets, cleaning wardrobes, polishing furniture, scolding everybody who crossed her path and conducting herself generally like an elderly female in an advanced stage of mental aberration. In the midst of these strange potents the surgery boy, whose ears she boxed twice a day at least and who had never before dared to offer the slightest objection, actually turned round and had the audacity to say:

"Lor, ain't I glad that you won't be my missus much longer!" I know he said it, because I heard him with my own ears.

I confess that all these mysterious events greatly increased my uneasiness.

"Oh, if it should be true!" I whispered to myself, with a shudder. "Oh, if father is really going to be so unkind, so cruel, as to give his motherless little boy a stepmother!"

As a matter of fact, I had no experience of stepmothers, no recollection of ever having seen one. But I had heard some shocking stories of their malevolent propensities, and though I had no personal acquaintance with Ginger's stepmother the tremendous knobs and bumps that frequently ornamented his head and which he assured the boys were her savage handiwork were all the corroboration I required to convince me that small boys and stepmothers were much of the nature of oil and vinegar and totally irreconcilable.

How well I remember one particularly restless night, during which I dreamed that I had a stepmother who inflicted hideous tortures upon my wretched anatomy, sometimes raising protuberances on my head with the aid of the most formidable pestle to be found in the surgery and at others operating incisions in my little arms and legs with sharp knives and needle pointed lancets, carefully selected for the purpose from my father's case of instruments, and threatening me with instant annihilation if I dared to complain to him of her inhuman barbarity. The next morning, weary and miserable, I trudged off to school, leaving my breakfast almost untasted and as thoroughly convinced as a boy of 11 could be that life is a delusion and a snare, and that to be dead must be something quite soothing and delightful.

I was dragging my way slowly along the street in this dejected frame of mind when suddenly I heard my father's name pronounced by one of two persons walking just in front of me.

"Yes," said the speaker, whom I at once recognized as our near neighbor, Mr. Borroughs, the solicitor. "Yes, it's settled, I understand. Dr. Carboy is going to marry a second wife."

Had I been suddenly struck by lightning I could not have been more paralyzed than I was for a moment by these appalling words. My heart stood still. I gasped for breath and clung to a railing near by, or I should have fallen prostrate. Fortunately I was unobserved by Mr. Burroughs or his friend, who walked on, continuing their gossip, of which I heard no more. But I had heard enough—more than enough. Ginger, then, the detested Ginger, had spoken the truth. My father was about to marry again, and I should have a stepmother. Oh, now I must know the worst! Off I ran as fast as my trembling legs could carry me to consult my dearest and best friend, my good, kind godmother, who lived with her bachelor brother, a surgeon, in Harrington square.

To whom in all the wide world could I pour out my childish griefs if not to her, so loved, so tender, so trusted? She had been my mother's schoolmate, and until the day the latter closed her eyes forever they were bound together in the most affectionate friendship. After my mother's death all my dear godmother's love and solicitude were given to the orphan boy left to her devoted care. She was blind to my faults, and too often I know I took an unworthy advantage of her weakness and indulgence.

Hurrying to the old house in the square, with its vine covered balconies, I ran down the area steps, and finding the kitchen door ajar I entered without knocking and burst like a whirlwind into the little room where I felt sure of finding my godmother engaged at her morning's avocations. There she was indeed, seated at the large French window opening into the garden, busily sewing. My sudden and abrupt appearance, pale and out of breath, gave her such a start that she dropped her work on the floor, while my good friend Jingles, the cat, who had been peacefully dozing in the wicker easy chair, gave a prodigious bound into the garden and made good his escape to the top of the arbor, his tail swollen to a prodigious size and elevated at an acute angle. At any other time I should have roared with laughter at Jingles' terrified gymnastics; but, alas, I was not then precisely in the humor for merriment.

"Goodness gracious, Harry," exclaimed my godmother, "how you frightened me!" Then, observing my evident distress, she hastily added: "Why, Harry, what is the matter? Ah, I see! You have been a naughty boy again, and your master has punished you. Fie, fie, you wicked child!"

"Oh, godmother," I sobbed in broken accents, "you don't know how wretched I am."

"Why, what has happened?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, godmother, they tell me papa is going to bring home a new wife! I shall have a stepmother who will hate me and beat me." I burst into a flood of tears, and flinging myself on my knees hid my burning face in her lap.

There was a moment's silence, and then she raised me in her arms, kissed my forehead and gently stroked my hair, as she had so often done when I was a little child. Wiping my tear stained face, she said softly:

"Who told you that, Harry?"

"Ginger said so, days ago," I replied, "when I fought him at school."

"How wrong," she interrupted, "to fight with your school companions! Besides no doubt he only said it to tease you."

"Ah, but just now in the street I overheard our neighbor, Mr. Burroughs, talking about it, so I came at once to you, godmother, to ask if it is true. Oh, say it isn't true, godmother!"

"Listen to me, my dear," she said soothingly. "Have you confidence in my word?"

"Oh, yes, godmother—you, so good, so true."

"Well, then," she continued, "dry your eyes, my darling. I promise you faithfully that you shall never, never have a stepmother."

Oh, the balm that these comforting words poured into my heart! She spoke so quietly, yet so firmly, that I believed her on the instant and left her quite reassured and perfectly happy. I kissed her affectionately and ran off to school, with a smiling face, and from that moment my trouble left me like some hideous nightmare that fades away with the light of returning day.

Soon after this came our annual examinations, the distribution of prizes and the breaking up of school for the long autumn vacation. That same evening my father sent for me to the surgery and informed me, with a benevolent smile, that he was so pleased with the progress I was making and felt so proud of the nice prizes which had been awarded to his boy that he had decided to accept the kind invitation of a brother doctor practicing at Worthing to let me spend a month of my holidays at the seaside. I need hardly say that I received this delightful announcement with boyish enthusiasm. I hugged my father with boisterous gratitude, and I verily believe that in the exuberance of my glee I would have even shaken hands with Ginger had I chanced to meet that uncongenial youth in any secluded back street of the parish of St. Pancras where my condescension would be likely to pass unobserved by the world in general.

And what a grand month it was, and how swiftly it melted away in the pretty little town by the seashore, with its pebbly beach, and its boating, and its picturesque excursions, and its trips to Shoreham and Brighton and even to Lewes and Eastbourne when the Worthing doctor's amiable wife visited her friends in those places and kindly took me with her. It was like an enchanting dream, and like such dreams it ended all too soon.

Toward the close of August I bade goodby to my hospitable Worthing hosts, and in a few hours I found myself at the station in stuffy, smoky old London, where Margaret met me at the station and was good enough to express her complete approval of the change in my physical appearance effected by a month's exposure to the health giving air of the sea. And—eh?—oh, yes, father was well, very well indeed. Oh, of course godmother was also quite well! Had she inquired about me? How I was enjoying my holidays? Oh, yes, certainly. When had Margaret seen her? Humph! That very morning. She had been away for—ahem—a change, but had now returned and would be pleased to see me again, no doubt.

Margaret was never at any time a particularly loquacious person, and these few items were all I could extract from her during our ride in a rickety cab from London bridge to the Hampstead road. And here on our arrival at my father's door a genuine surprise awaited me. Could it be possible? Was this coquettish looking mansion, bright and shining from top to bottom in all the glory of cream colored paint—was this the dingy old house where I was born and had spent all my life? I looked at Margaret in mute amazement.

Ah, yes, the doctor had thought it a good time to have the place tidied up a bit. Yes, to be sure. It had been painted and repaired while I was away. The smell of the new paint was all gone now, and she didn't think I should notice anything disagreeable.

And when Dick, the surgery boy, opened the door and greeted me with a broad but silent grin—Dick, on whose stolid features I had never seen before the faintest vestige of a smile—my surprises had only just commenced. Everything seemed to be spick span new—new carpets, new furniture, new paper hangings, and, most wonderful of all, flowers in the vases on the drawing room mantelpiece and on the dining room table. When I reached my own little room, once so dull and cheerless, I found that during my absence it had not been forgotten in the general transformation scene. It was ten times brighter, lighter and prettier altogether, with such a beautiful blue tinted paper on the walls, snow white curtains at the window, and just fitting into the niche near the fireplace the very identical walnut bookcase for which I had longed, filled with the books I had dreamed of possessing when I grew up and became a millionaire. It all looked as if some beneficent fairy had accomplished these wonders by stamping her tiny foot and waving her magic wand around her head as she ordered it all done instantly.

Margaret, who had left me for a moment in rapturous contemplation of the good fairy's work, now returned and recalled me back to earth by announcing in a solemn tone, such as I had never before heard her assume, that the doctor desired to speak to me in the library. A little dashed by Margaret's serious, not to say sepulchral, delivery of my father's message, I obeyed the parental summons, my heart filled with vague apprehensions. But a glance at his kind face, now beaming with happiness, at once proved to me that my fears were without foundation. He took both my hands in his, kissed me affectionately and expressed his pleasure at seeing me looking so greatly improved in health.

"It's the sea air, my boy," he said, "entirely the sea air. It beats all the physic in the world—don't forget that." After a moment's pause he added: "Of course, Harry, you have noticed the changes which have taken place while you were away? Well, there has been one change which you have not yet seen, and I want you to hear of it first from me. During your absence I have brought home a second mother for you. Hereafter there will be two of us to love and watch over you."

As these words fell from my father's lips a cold shiver ran through me, and my heart seemed to cease beating, as though suddenly paralyzed. My knees shook under me, and it was only by an immense effort that I prevented myself from falling to the floor. Without appearing to notice the effect his terrible disclosure had produced upon me, my father gravely resumed:

"At your age, my dear Harry, it is well that a child should enjoy the advantage of a mother's care and affection, and I have every reason to hope," he added, with an encouraging smile, "that you and your new mamma will be the best of friends."

A mortal pallor overspread my face, and I listened with quivering lips, offering no syllable in reply. For a moment my father seemed to fade from my sight, and in his place rose the hateful vision of Ginger, tauntingly repeating the words: "Ha, I told you so! You see it was the truth. You've got a stepmother, and she will beat you. Ha, ha, ha! Hurrah!"

My father's voice roused me once more to myself.

"Well, Harry," he asked, "have you nothing to say? Surely you are anxious to see your new mother and kiss her?"

I muttered some unintelligible answer, but the words seemed to stick in my throat. Taking me by the hand, my father led the way to the little sitting room where as a child I had learned the alphabet at my own mother's knee. Instinctively as the door opened I shrank back, expecting to see myself in the presence of a tall, bony woman of forbidding aspect and harsh voice, whose smile of welcome would remind me of the hyena's affable greeting. I felt even before I saw her that I hated her with all the intensity born of fear and consternation. But I wouldn't let her see that I trembled in her loathsome presence. No, I would be brave. I would defy her to—

"My love," said my father to the tall, bony woman of forbidding aspect whom I had not yet seen, "here is Harry."

"My darling," murmured a soft voice.

I looked up hastily. It was my godmother. With one bound I was in her arms, clasped to her loving heart.

"My own dear, dear boy! My son!" she said, covering my face with kisses.

My son! All at once the light broke in upon me. Ah, yes, it was indeed she, my adored godmother, who was now to be always what she had long been—my second mother. I returned her caresses with a heart overflowing with love and joy. My father looked on silently, smiling approval.

"You see, dear," said my godmother, gently stroking my hair, "I told you the truth when I promised you that morning you should never, never have a stepmother."—James Mortimer in English Illustrated Magazine.

Is This Why Dr. Graves Killed Himself?

James McParland, assistant general superintendent of the western division of Pinkerton's National Detective agency and superintendent of the Denver office, said:

"There are some developments in the famous Graves murder case that never have been published before that I think would prove interesting for your readers. I refer to the causes that led Graves to commit suicide.

"Pending the second trial I received a note from a young man in Boston stating that he thought he could furnish important evidence in the case. Accordingly Prosecuting Attorney Stevens went to see him. The young man's story was that one night last April he had been visiting friends in the neighborhood of Boston and had gone to the station to board the train. While waiting by himself he was approached by a fine looking man, who asked if he could write. Upon this the man said, 'I want to fool a friend and want you to write what I tell you.' Upon his stating that he had no pen the man produced a stylographic pen and a piece of paper and told him to write the identical words inscribed on the bottle received by Mrs. Barnaby. When he had finished, the man took the paper, gave the boy a $5 bill and laughingly said, 'I'll have a good joke out of this.'

"The boy was pleased at making $5 so easily and went back to his uncle and told him of it. Some months later, when the papers were full of the Graves trial, one of the Boston journals published a cut of the doctor. The uncle showed this to the boy, who immediately said, 'Why, that is the man who gave me that $5.' Mr. Stevens obtained these facts and started for home, the boy agreeing to come to Denver and give his testimony.

"By some means Dr. Graves heard of this. That same night he committed suicide."—San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

Largest Family on Record.

In the Harleian manuscript, Nos. 78 and 980, in the library of the British museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of 69 children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known), for the record mentions the fact that 46 of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grownup women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is farther related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents. —St. Louis Republic.

A Mare's Suicide.

"I owned a mare once that committed suicide," said A. R. Homer. "She had a colt of which she was more than usually fond. One day the colt fell into a ditch and broke its leg. The animal had to be killed, and its mother was inconsolable. She would whimper and call for the colt, and when it failed to come nothing would induce her to eat. For several days all efforts to induce her to partake of food were in vain, and I was afraid that she would starve. One morning I saw her standing by a barrel of water from which she was in the habit of drinking. Her attitude struck me as singular, and going to her I found that she was dead, with her head stuck into the water as far as she could reach. There was no other conclusion possible than that she had deliberately drowned herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE BLACK BOTTLE.

ONE OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Belief That Its Contents Are Used to Remove Uninteresting Patients—The Fatal Bed Superstition—Ignorant Rounders Spread Silly Stories.

No one can be an inmate of Bellevue hospital for any length of time without hearing of the famous "black bottle." The superstition connected with it is very grewsome, yet it is believed in implicitly by many of the patients. Briefly told, it is as follows:

The opinion is prevalent among the poor that Bellevue hospital is a school of experiment for the instruction of young surgeons and physicians, and that only cases of peculiar novelty and interest are wanted there. If a patient happens to be a good subject for the operating table or clinical lecture, he or she is welcome to all that institution affords; otherwise the sooner the poor creature makes room for a more interesting patient the better. Nor are the physicians and nurses supposed to entertain any scruples of conscience as to the means they employ in effecting such removals. In cases of lingering sickness where there is no hope of an ultimate recovery they are supposed to hasten the end by administering a fatal dose out of the mysterious black bottle. After taking it the patient falls asleep never to awaken.

This superstition originated from the fact that morphine and other drugs of a poisonous character used in the hospital are always kept in bottles of a particularly suspicious appearance. They are made of dark blue glass, with a corrugated surface, and are distinguished by flaming red labels, on which is printed the emblem of a skull and crossbones, flanked by the word "Poison." Now, it frequently happens that morphine is administered to those who are dying of painful diseases in order to mitigate the severity of their sufferings, but the ignorant patients around do not understand this. They see the nurse take the dreaded black bottle from the medicine chest, measure out a portion of its contents in a glass and give it to their comrade to drink. Then they shake their heads ominously and whisper to one another in frightened tones.

"They are giving him the black bottle. Poor fellow, they are tired of him! He's been occupying wanted room, but he'll be on his way to the morgue soon enough now."

When the sick man dies, the other patients do not attribute his death to natural causes, but to the mysterious poison contained in the black bottle. No amount of reasoning could convince them otherwise. Once a nurse tried to argue an old patient out of the superstition, but he maintained his belief in it as obstinately as ever and answered:

"Don't tell me. I'll believe my own eyes sooner than what other folks say. If there isn't death in the black bottle, why is it marked with a skull and crossbones? And why is 'Poison' printed on it? Tell me that."

It is needless to say that the bottles containing poisonous drugs are so labeled to insure the safety of the patients. The corrugated surface is a further precautionary measure, for no one could be mistaken, even in the dark, as to what such a vial contained. The sense of touch would warn the nurse where that of sight might fail. In Bellevue hospital the greatest care is exercised over poisonous drugs. They are kept under lock and key in a strong closet specially prepared for them in the pharmacy, and the door is furnished with an automatic arrangement that rings an electric bell whenever it is opened.

The black bottle superstition is by no means the only one associated with hospitals. There are certain beds in almost every hospital that are considered unlucky. The old hospital rounders know them and are probably responsible for keeping alive the superstition concerning them. A hospital rounder is a person who makes capital out of a chronic ailment. He makes the rounds of the hospitals in precisely the same way that the habitual vagrant makes the rounds of the police station lodging houses. He is pretty well posted on the affairs of the institutions that have harbored him and takes particular pains to impart his information to the other patients. He treasures in his memory every grewsome detail that comes to his notice and that may serve to embellish his stories. If a new patient happens to be brought to the ward of which he is an inmate and laid on the cot that is supposed to be unlucky, he takes advantage of the first opportunity to steal to his side and whisper: "Get them to move yer outer that bed as soon as yer can. Ye're courtin death to lie there. Five have died in it the past fortnight."

Such an announcement cannot fail to inspire the newcomer with terror, especially if he is not educated above the belief in superstitions, yet if the ward is full he is compelled to occupy the unlucky cot, a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. The unlucky bed is always that in which the greatest number of deaths have occurred, and there is generally one in each ward that can claim such a distinction.—New York Press.

An Anecdote of James Payn.

James Payn says that there was a queer resemblance between himself and another Trinity man. "Not only was I often addressed by persons who took me for him, but people used to ask, apropos of nothing, whether I knew So-and-so. I remember making a considerable impression upon a chance passenger in a railway train on the Cambridge line, who was staring at me rather hard, by suddenly observing: 'No, sir. I do not know Mr. So-and-so.' It had been the very question he was going to ask me, but my anticipating it seemed to him so uncanny that he got out at the next station."—San Francisco Argonaut.

HOW THE ORIENTALS CREMATE.

Open Fires In Which the Body Rises to a Sitting Posture.

In traveling through India large bonfires are frequently to be seen in secluded spots on the outskirts of cities, surrounded by apparently merrymaking circles of natives. One afternoon while wandering through the suburbs of Bombay to escape for awhile the bustle and confusion of this magnificent city of temples and palaces I discovered through the trees in the distance the familiar bonfire. Being an American, with the bump of curiosity strongly developed, an irresistible desire to approach this particular spot predominated. The scene contrasted strangely with what was anticipated. A group of men sat piously guarding the sacred fire, for it proved to be that the last rites were being enacted to a kinsman.

Among this particular caste the last tribute to the dead is one striking in its solemn originality. When life becomes extinct, the body of the deceased, strongly impregnated with the odor of sweet spices, is swathed in the finest linen and permitted to remain a few hours in the midst of the bereaved friends, whose lamentations and strange wailings, as if from another world, are, to say the least, appalling. In token of their intense grief each member of the family submits immediately to the operation of having the hair cut off the head. Should it be a widow who is left to mourn, as her sorrow is still greater, her head is completely shaved. These daughters of the east overflow with pride for their beautiful tresses; hence it is that it is sacrificed at the altar of the dead.

Meanwhile the remains, with much ceremony, are borne forth on a wagon, with an arch of rush matting of considerable height concealing it from the vulgar gaze. It is usually drawn by bullocks and accompanied by immediate friends only to receive earth's last peace offering at the shrine of the gods. Arriving at the holy place, where the great fire already begins to loom out under the canopy of heaven, the deceased is taken from the bier and placed, with much solemnity, in the heat of the yet slowly kindling brands. The men, wrapped in the purest white sheets, withdraw to a little distance under the shade. Not a word is spoken; no requiem sung. The time is devoted to silent supplications to the gods, whose brazen or stone figures stand near by in attitudes of the profoundest humility. At intervals, raising their heads apparently, then falling to the earth on their faces, again standing with their arms extended, they offer their potitions. A few sit gloomily under the olive trees, whose duty it is to keep the fire up to a certain pitch, never seeming to relax a muscle.

Suddenly the gestures cease. An attitude of intense anxiety now prevails. The anxious eyes are fixed severely on the fire that is slowly consuming the remains of their fellow man. They look expectant, as if on the alert for something. Presently the body, released of its pinions, severed by the fire, mover, springs perhaps to an upright position amid the flames, scattering the fire in all directions. It is a sight revolting and horrible in the extreme, causing even a little consternation among the natives. To the stranger the spectacle is agonizing to behold, for it seems a human soul urging and swaying amid a whirling mass of blue vaper as if struggling in death's agony. We were told that when the fire reaches a particular portion of the back the contraction causes the body to rise to a sitting position. All the mourners in one accord call upon the name of the Most High, then rush to the spot and press heavily on the ghastly figure with great poles, each moment with renewed vigor, until it resists no longer and sinks, to be finally lost amid the fury of the flames, the fire having by this time increased to its height.

Once more the mourners seek their retreat and prostrate themselves silently at the feet of the deities for some moments, then utter loudly ejaculations and supplications to the gods, this time, if possible, with greater solemnity and reverence. Then they resume their former positions, to keep again their vigil of the dead. The voices die out, and in silent meditation they patiently watch the embers smolder away until all is over and the ashes of their kinsman are floating widely through the air.—Boston Transcript.

Cold In the Head.

Colds in the head become prevalent with the approach of winter. People often ask how these troublesome complaints may be prevented. Probably the only satisfactory way of warding off these ailments is to maintain a high standard of one's health, and to this general axiom I would certainly add that we should endeavor to avoid heated rooms and foul air and to brace our lungs up as much as possible by free ventilation and outdoor exercise. When a cold in the head seizes you, camphor is a good remedy. Try a camphor inhalation. A teaspoonful of powdered camphor is added to a jug of boiling water, or put into an inhaler, and the steam is inhaled through the nose for five or ten minutes at a time. This inhalation may be repeated every four or five hours but the patient must keep the house, and remain in an even temperature when so treating his or her case. A few drops of spirits of camphor taken on a piece of sugar are also recommended.—New York Dispatch.

Diversity of Human Beings.

The French anthropometric bureau, founded and conducted by M. Bertillon, have found that out of nearly half a million persons who have passed through their hands no two individuals were exactly the same in all the particulars recorded. M. Francis Galton, F. R. S., having taken the finger prints of 2,500 persons and found a difference in every case, deduces from this fact that the probability of a resemblance occurring is about 1 in 64,000,000

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

She Was Out of Style, but Right In It on Finance.

Two tall girls and a short girl got on a green car. The short girl had the transfers.

"I see," said one of the tall girls, "that short girls are completely out of it now. The style in girls has changed. A girl has to be tall to amount to anything at all."

"Is that so," inquired the short girl, with a great deal of emphasis on the "that."

"Yes, indeed!" answered the other tall girl. "It is generally conceded that short girls do not amount to a row of pins any more. In fact, I do not think that any self respecting young man would, in the face of this edict of fashion, have anything to do with a little girl. It would be such very bad form, you know. Tall girls are all the rage. They can go in for athletics so much better than short ones and play tennis and swim and boat and do all that sort of thing. All short girls are good for is to sit around and look as pretty as they can"——

"And that's not very pretty," broke the other tall girl.

"Is that so?" inquired the short girl. There was emphasis on all three words this time.

"Look in the fashion papers and papers for women if you don't believe it," continued the first tall girl airily. "If you have the courage to investigate the matter, you will feel very much disgusted because you are so short. Really, Maud, I am sorry for you, but we tall girls have the best of it any way you come to look at it. Of course there will be fellows foolish enough to marry an occasional short girl, but I confidently expect to see an undersized race of old maids before I die. Short girls do not come in anywhere that I can see."

"Well," said the short girl angrily, "I want you to understand that I will take no odds from either of you and wouldn't if you were each 8 feet tall."

The two tall girls giggled aggravatingly. "Why," said the first one, "I wouldn't take it so hard if I were you. We know that it isn't your fault that you are short, and we know that you are not responsible for the change in style in girls. We are awfully sorry for you and all that, but"——

Just then the conductor came along. The short girl handed him one transfer check.

"Fare, ladies," he said, looking at the two tall girls.

"Why, Maud," fluttered the first one, "where are the transfers? You had them, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Maud shortly.

"Fare, ladies," said the conductor, looking at the two tall girls again.

"Give him the transfers, Maud," urged the tall girls together.

"I threw them away," answered Maud spitefully.

"Threw them away?" gasped the tall girls in concert. "What for?"

"Oh," replied Maud complacently, "as you tall girls are so awfully smart I thought I would see how you would ride on a street car without any money and without any transfers."

And the upshot of it all was that the tall girls walked. The short girl rode in triumph to her corner.—Buffalo Express.

A Doctor's Strange Case.

An unusual summons was received over the telephone not long ago by Dr. David Birney of the University of Pennsylvania from a wealthy man in New York, who wished him to go to Long Island. Dr. Birney endeavored to find out something about the nature of the case he was expected to treat, but the man, after securing his promise to go, refused to talk further over the phone. The doctor packed a case of instruments at random and met the man in New York. After taking dinner at the Waldorf they took the train for Long Island, but not a word was said about the operation. When they arrived, the man thanked the doctor and paid him $50. Then, in response to the look of wonder from the astonished surgeon, he said:

"I saw my sister bleed to death in a railroad accident for want of a physician, and since that day I never traveled without one."—Philadelphia Record.

How Navajos Hunt Prairie Dogs.

A Navajo will stick a bit of mirror in the entrance of a burrow and lie down behind the little mound all day, if need be, to secure the coveted prize of a fat prairie dog. When Mr. Tusa ventures from his bedroom deep underground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door, and when he hurries out to confront this impudent intruder, all goes a chalcedony tipped arrow through him, pinning him to the ground just he cannot tumble back into his hole, as he has a wonderful faculty for doing even in death, or a dark hand darts from behind like lightning, seizes the chunky neck safely beyond the reach of his chisel shaped teeth and breaks his spine with one swift snap.—Exchange.

Comfort For Chicago.

Let Chicago people take courage, for there is at last a prospect that their vile water will be washed out. Professor Spencer told the association of scientists at Brooklyn that in 5,000 or 6,000 years the waters of the great lakes would all leak to the ocean by the way of Chicago and the Mississippi valley. It's quite a time to wait, to be sure, but a pleasant prospect to look forward to, for it would take about the contents of Lake Michigan to clean out the Chicago river, and a clean river would be a boon without price to Chicago.—Springfield Republican.

Reminded Him of an Old Hen.

Willie Pickpocketson—Say, officer, do you know that every time I see you I am reminded of an old hen that my father used to have down on his farm?

Officer Nabbim—How the divil do you figger that out?

W. P.—You are always laying for me.—New York Herald.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

Savages Place a Varying Value Upon Their Chosen Helpmates.

In the earliest times of purchase a woman was bartered for useful goods or for services rendered to her father. In the latter way Jacob purchased Rachel and her sister Leah. This was a Beena marriage, where a man, as in Genesis, leaves his father and his mother and cleaves unto his wife, and they become one flesh or kin—the woman's. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver island varies from £20 to £40 worth of articles. In Oregon an Indian gives for a wife horses, blankets or buffalo robes; in California, shell money or horses; in Africa, cattle.

A poor Damara will sell a daughter for one cow. A richer Kaffir expects from 3 to 30. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. Passing to Asia, we find her price is sometimes 5 to 50 rubles, or at others a cartload of wood or hay. A princess may be purchased for 3,000 rubles.

In Tartary a woman can be obtained for a few pounds of butter, or where a rich man gives 20 small oxen a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. These and similar prices elsewhere are eloquent testimony to the little value a savage sets on his wife.—New York Advertiser.

$1,000 A SHOT.

It Is Economical, After All, if Considered Properly.

One thousand dollars a shot is rather expensive shooting, but when you come to figure it out you will find that it is not quite as much in proportion as $100 a shot under certain conditions. The old smooth bore cannon, short in barrel and short in the breach, had to be trained with the greatest patience and care on the object aimed at, and if the 100 pound ball didn't land exactly where it was intended it did very little harm.

With the big pneumatic gun at Sandy Hook it is impossible to make a miss. You just touch her off at $1,000 per touch, and if the projectile drops within one-sixth of a mile of where it was intended to drop there is immediate and serious trouble and in all probability no necessity for the expenditure of another dollar on that particular target. It costs more to fire the big Krupp gun than it does our dynamite gun, but the execution bears no comparison. One hundred gatling guns, fired at short intervals for one hour, would cost $10,000. Even if the object shot at was within range the shooting would not be one-tenth as effective as the shooting of the Sandy Hook terror.—New York Mail and Express.

Port Louis, Mauritius.

From the sea Port Louis has a picturesque and oriental aspect, but the streets are less so than one imagines. They are wide and resemble those of Cape Town. Numerous European shops also line their fronts.

Lying behind the town is the Champ de Mars. It is used as a place of amusement, and opening into it are the streets of Burbon and Corderie, while to the left of the quays is the bazaar or market place. It is surrounded by an iron railing, has several gates leading to the principal streets and is divided into two equal parts by Farquar street.

A broad avenue also traverses its entire length, lined on either side by covered sheds, where the wares are exposed. Fruit stalls occupy the upper end, and here is exhibited a marvelous variety, a collection that would make the fruit sellers of the west mad with envy. Plantains in great yellow heaps are side by side with custard apples, alligator pears, mangoes, pineapples and others too numerous to mention. Mangoes are the most esteemed by Europeans. The lower market contains the butchers' shops, where fowl, fish and kid are conspicuous.—All the Year Round.

The Mantle of Charity.

It is the one garment the fashion of which never changes, writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. The years may go and come, and yet she who cloaks herself in this mantle is at once happy herself and the giver of happiness. In cut it never changes. It is always large and full, so that it can envelop those who are unhappy and give them warmth and comfort. Like the cloak worn by the prince in the fairy tale, it is invisible to all but those whose eyes are made clear by faith. It is the garment that I would like my girls to wear. It is true that much patience and much self denial are required before this cloak is put on, as it should be, for all time, but once assumed the amount of joy to be got from it and the happy heartbeats to the wearers of it cannot possibly be overestimated.

Girl Babies of Sicily.

In some parts of Sicily the birth of a girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a black flag is hung out the window to proclaim the sad event. Having to be supported by the family as long as they are unmarried, and being obliged to dower the bridegroom, they are looked upon as expensive luxuries. Boys, on the other hand, are very soon self supporting, and when the time comes for marrying increase the family wealth by bringing home a bride and her dot. The girls live in seclusion, are most kindly treated, and at the age of 14 or 16 they are disposed of in marriage on a purely financial basis.—New York World.

Signs of Coming Trouble.

Johnny—I tell you, papa's going to catch it after the company's gone.

Tommy—How do you know?

Johnny—He's told ma once or twice she was mistaken about something, and she's said, "Why, darling!"—London Million.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; James J Brennan, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P C Maguire, Pres, 4208 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 4039 32d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 325 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 449 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas F White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 4039 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4630 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J P Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 4200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 3186 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John F Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Prairie sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3422 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1909 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John F Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; R Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland; Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4623 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 220 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3739 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2201 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, 2336 Butler st; M H Curry, Fin Sec; P O'Connor, Treas. Meet in Schaefer's hall, 25th and Canal streets, 1st and 3d Thursday of each month.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patnck Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 119th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick P Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cannon, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 3935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 3447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Molmerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

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St Ignatius No 19—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 18—C R, Luke Cassidy, 481 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1098 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9253 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4009 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 347 Larrabee st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Hon-ore Lacasse; Treas, E E Fotsy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 163 33rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 15th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 25 W 15th st; R S, Julius Kaler, 634 W 16th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 126 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 34 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 218 Cleveland av; F S, F J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 127 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Hindmarsh, 466 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemes, 70 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J O'Connor. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2026 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas J Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5728 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5600 West Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Rocking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, Jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 289 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, F Muellee. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and easy to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 2.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

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In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

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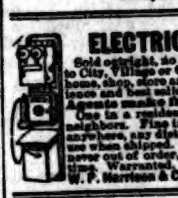

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